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GENUINE LETTERS

FROM A

GENTLEMAN

TO A

YOUNG LADY HIS PUPIL.

CALCULATED

To form the TASTE, regulate the JUDGMENT,
and improve the MORALS.

WRITTEN SOME YEARS SINCE.

Now first revised and published with NOTES
and ILLUSTRATIONS,

By THOMAS HULL,

Of the THEATRE ROYAL, in COVENT-GARDEN.

*How would'st thou sport with us in learned Play,
And sage Advice in Wit's light Strain convey!*

See Let. 48. P. 211.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for J. BELL, near *Exeter Exchange*, Strand,
and C. ETHERINGTON, at *York*.

MDCCLXXII.

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GENERAL LETTERS

FROM A

GENTLIN M A N

TO A

YOUNG LADY

OF A GENTLE

To form the Taste, improve the Judgment,
and improve the Manners.

WRITTEN SOME YEARS SINCE.

Now first revised and published with Notes



By THOMAS AMSTELÆDAMENSIS

It is hereby ordered that this book be
kept in the library of the
University of Amsterdam, and
not be lent out.

V O L . I .

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Bland, near St. Paul's Church, 1714.

MDCCLXIV

DEDICATION

T O

Mr. PRESTON's Pupil.

M A D A M,

GRatitude and Propriety alike induce me to dedicate these Letters to you, to whom they were originally addressed. From you I received the Permission to publish them, and to you they naturally belong.

A 2

Be

Be pleased to consider this Dedication a Tribute to Mr. Preston, (whose Life was so essential, and whose Memory is so dear to you) as well as a Token of the continual Regard of

The EDITOR.

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P R E F A C E.

I AM well aware that some of the earliest Letters to be met in this Collection will, at first Glance, appear too trivial for Publication; and that Persons, who limit their Perusal to them, will be apt to pronounce unfavourably of the whole. I therefore think it necessary to assign my Reasons for including them, and, at the same Time, give a short Account of the Work in general.

These Letters are truly, what they are announced in the Title-page, *Genuine*. The Lady, to whom they were written, entrusted me with the Publication. On my first Perusal of them, I thought they contained Matter much too good to be lost. The moral Lessons, wherewith they abound, being chiefly calculated for younger Minds, I took the Liberty in my Proposals to recommend the Work as a proper

proper Companion to the Time of Education in both Sexes. Those Letters, which contain Critiques on many celebrated Writers, appeared to me not unworthy the Notice of Men of Reading and Erudition. I revised and transcribed those on *Homer*, in particular, with the Original, and *Pope's* Translation at my hand, and can, at least, venture to affirm there is a great Deal of *New* in Mr. *Preston's* Remarks. I declare, with great Truth, that I have his Reputation at Heart, more than my own Emolument, and therefore hope, for his Sake, my weak Judgment may not be called in Question.

My Motive for retaining those initiatory Letters, which seem less consequential, were partly in hope that they might have the same good Effect on other Pupils, which they had on his. It may be objected that they contain Rules which are to be found in every French Grammar. Granted. But, to use a Maxim of our Writer's, may not a Precept or two, scattered in this light, epistolary Manner, have more Force than all the formal Documents that ever were penned? What has been, may be. I am a Witness that his Pupil, pro-

profited excellently by this Mode of Instruction ; I therefore think the Insertion of them cannot be wholly useless ; beside that it gives an Opportunity of admiring that kind and easy Pliancy with which a Man of Learning and Genius descended to the Level of a puerile Comprehension.

I lament that it has not been in my Power to obtain a Sight of the young Lady's Letters. We have her Tutor's Word for her being possessed of good Sense and a Quickness of Apprehension. Her Remarks therefore could not but be entertaining, if not instructive ; in-as-much as they came pure and genuine from the Heart, unsophisticated with casuistical Reasonings or Pedantry of Expression. He frequently mentions the Pleasure her Letters afford him ; unfortunately they are all wanting : she had the Affliction to lose her Friend and Instructor, when he was many Miles distant from her, and all Attempts to recover his Papers proved fruitless.

To account for the endearing Terms in which the Tutor sometimes addresses his Pupil, be it known he was her *God-Father* ;
and

and his unremitted Attention to the Improvement of her Mind demonstrates how conscientiously he regarded that important Office he undertook at her Baptism, which is too often, by the Generality of Mankind, as iniquitously neglected, as it inconsiderately assumed.

For the Gratification of such Readers, as wish to be more nearly acquainted with Mr. *Preston*, I have prevailed on the Lady, to sketch his Character, which I hereunto subjoin.

I have little more to say. I mean to give an useful Work to the Publick. Should I fail in my Judgment, my Intention, at least, is good; and however weak my Abilities may be, I have this comfortable Reflection, that they are dedicated to a *moral Purpose*; to which Important End I wish that all my little Labours should conduce, as most suitable to my Inclination, and most consistent with my Profession.

To

L E T T E R

To the EDITOR.

YOU ask me for a Character of my rever'd Mr. *P.* You tell me I must hasten, for that the Publication is in great forwardness. Alas, what a Task have you given me ! already have I suffered extreme Pain on a Re-perusal of his Letters, which, since his Death, I have never dared to look into, till you encouraged me, by saying they might be of the same Service to others, which they had once been to me. Flattered by this Opinion, I ventured to read them again ; all my Affection, all my Gratitude, all my Respect awakens ; but all embittered by the Recollection of my Loss ; he lives and dies to me again, on this Review of what I owe to him. I am now less equal to the Task you require of me, than I was, when I first delivered the Papers to your Hands. I then deferred writing
what

what you wished, through a Consciousness of Incapacity, and a Shame at delivering my Sentiments intentionally to the Press. That Consciousness, that Shame, is now absorbed in my Fears for the sacred Reputation of my beloved Teacher ; what will an idle, a dissipated Public say of these valuable Letters ? Should they be treated with Scorn, or even Disrespect, I shall never forgive myself. Is it not possible that Persons, without a Tythe of his Understanding, his Education, or his Virtue, will set themselves up for Condemners of his Sense, his Literature, and his Morals ? Have not I trespassed on the Duty I for ever owe his Memory in running such a Risque ? My Motive must be my Apology ; and if the Departed know any thing of the Actions of Survivors, he will know I mean but to pursue his own Plan, of doing as extensive Good as my Power will let me. To that Public, who will shortly receive them, I can only say, the favoured Individual, to whom they were addressed, owes all the little Merit, you, and her other partial Friends have ever ascribed to her (under Heaven) to the Lessons she received from the Author of these Letters ; naturally petulant capri-

capricious, obstinate, he knew, with happy Art, how to turn even her Failings to Account; and skillfully used even the *Curvings* of her Temper as Instruments to the Improvement of her Mind. The Letters truly are, what you have announced them, Genuine; the Writer was a Gentleman of an antient and honourable Family, once of affluent Fortunes; the Name, you have adopted in lieu of his own, indicates the Misfortune of his Life. He was accounted a Man of the first Sense among Men of Sense; his Education was compleat, his Literature deep, yet polished; his Taste nice, yet not *cavillous*; (if I may use the Word) his Wit was as sound as his Judgment, and as sweet as his Manners; his Humour was infinite, and harmless as it was pleasant. This was his Character from Men of Standard Judgment; for it is not to be supposed that I, at any Time, could be capable of understanding this Part of it, much less at Sixteen, at which Age I had the Unhappiness to lose him; but what I have repeated is no more than I have heard often asserted by Persons of established Reputation for Skill in what they spoke of; But his Heart—to describe that, is *properly*
my

my Province. Yet how shall I be equal to it? Pious as a primitive Christian, Chearful in the same Degree he was pious ; Benevolent, in the most extensive Sense of the Word ; Beneficent, as far as a limited Power would let him ; Mild in his Censures, Strict in his Actions, Charitable in Thought, Word, and Deed ; Merciful even to an Insect ; Kind not only in Intention and Act, but his very Address was Kindness pourtrayed ; yet was he, to use his own Words, speaking of Mrs. K. “ very resentful, if he conceived himself “ slighted.” A strong Trait of his Character was the Pliancy, with which he yielded to his fallen Fortunes, and the *un*-yielding Spirit with which he supported an Independence, in despite of them. If it would not appear too fanciful I should say he united in his Temper the poetical Descriptions of the Ivy and the Oak. The Misfortune hinted at (owing to Education and the Principles of his Family early imbibed) in the youthful Part of his Life, depriving him of the Means of providing for a Family equal to their Birth and his Spirit, kept him a single Man ; my Father and himself, (involved
in

in the same Cause, and the same Consequences) were the most intimate Friends; he prevailed on Mr. P. to take Charge of me as a God-Child, an Office he held so sacred, that he never took it on him but for me; and, from that Time, he looked on me as his own, and, I'm sure, felt all the Affection of a Father for me; nor did I ever feel the Loss of one (my own dying while I was an Infant) till I lost him.

Thus have I endeavoured to fulfil your Request; and be assured that neither my Affection or my Gratitude have impelled me to flatter the Character of a Man, whose Worth exceeds the Power of Words. That the precious Deposit, I have committed to your Care, may meet with such a Reception as the Gentleness of your own Heart and the Goodness of your Intention induces you to think it will, is at present the most fervent Wish
of Dear Sir, &c.

P. S. Such of your Readers, as are inclined to judge liberally, will allow for the Plainness of the Style, in a Correspondence with a Girl from seven Years old to sixteen. He strove to be plain in order to be
quicker

quicker understood, and the rather, as some of his Subjects are abstruse ; but the Definition, the Illustration, the Lesson, the Sentiment, the Moral, are equally good, as if dressed in a more lifted Style ; they may be considered, as Mr. P. himself says of *Creech's Horace*, “ a whole-
“ some Pill without any Gilding.”



GENUINE

GENUINE LETTERS.

LETTER I.

Mr. PRESTON to Miss NANCY BLISSET.

Dear Nancy,

I WAS just now at your Mama's, who was gone out; so I don't know how you got to W——, or whether she has heard from you *.

* It is to be remembered here that the Pupil was, at this Time, just turned ten Years of Age; which accounts for the Tutor's descending in his Stile to the Comprehension of a Child.

VOL. I.

B

I send

2 GENUINE LETTERS.

I send you here enclosed a Craftsmen *. All the political Papers of this Day are but indifferent; however, I would not be worse than my Promise; besides, the Articles of News may divert you.

Pray let me know if you got safe to the Country, and if you had any Adventures by the Way †, worth noticing. Be sure to write to me. Give my humble

* There was, at the Time of this Correspondence, as great a Contest between high Party and low, Court and Country, as we have now between Majority and Minority. This excited the young Lady's Curiosity, which it was the Tutor's Rule never to thwart. He hoped also to turn this Curiosity to Account, and, by feeding her Vanity, give her a Taste for History, particularly that of her own Country.

† He wished to give her a Habit of making Observations and Reflections on every Occurrence, to prevent

GENUINE LETTERS. 3

ble Service to your Aunt. How does she do?

I allow you to write the first Letter you send me in English, if you please. I shall write you in French the next Time, and send you an Exercise.

I am, dear Nancy,

your affectionate Friend,

London,
July 14, 1739.

J. PRESTON.

LETTER II.

Ma chere Nannette,

J'AY receu votre Lettre par le Poste d'Hier, mais c'est sans Datte. Je vais, toute à l'heure en Campagne, où je

prevent Things sliding off her Mind; and, by encouraging her to transmit them to Paper, help her to develope her own Ideas, and form a Stile.

4 GENUINE LETTERS.

resterai jusqu'à Mardi. A mon Retour,
je vous marquerai les petits Defauts
dans les Traductions que vous avez fait.
En general elles sont fort bonnes, et je
les ay lû avec beaucoup de Plaisir*.

Faites mes Compliments à Madame
S———. J'ay donné votre Lettre à vo-
tre Mere.

Je suis,
votre très sincere Ami,
*A Londres, ce 31,
de Juilett, 1739.* J. PRESTON.

* It was Mr. P——'s constant Method to use
more Praise than Blame, since from the Turn of
his Pupil's Disposition, he found he got Credit
for the latter in Proportion as he bestowed the
former; and she generally stopped short, if she
found the Balance on the wrong Side.

L E T-

GENUINE LETTERS. 5

LETTER III.

Dear Nancy,

I Have the Pleasure of yours of the 14th current. I have not yet got Time to look into the Translation, to see if it is done right.

Pray translate the enclosed Passage*; not at once, but take two or three different Times to do it in, and study it well, for the French is very nice; which I shall send as soon as you have finished the Translation.

Why do you begin Words with a small, that ought to be begun with a

• A Passage from the English Telemachus to be rendered into French.

6 GENUINE LETTERS.

great Letter? Pray learn to write in a fashionable Way.

Give my hearty Service to your Aunt.
We have no News.

Je suis tous jours,
ma chere Nannette,
votre Ami très affectionné*,

July 17, 1739.

J. PRESTON.

LETTER IV.

Dear Nancy,

I Have sent you the Original of your two Translations. There are Differences between them, that I don't think much of; but pray observe the Nicety of

* This little Mixture of the Languages in one and the same Letter is frequently repeated, and seems purposely done to make Instruction fit
lighter

GENUINE LETTERS. 7

of the French in using the Pronouns *du*, *de-la*, *de*, *en*, and so forth. Observe too that you use the singular for the plural, and sometimes the plural for the singular. You will fall eternally into this Error, unless you will fix the Conjugations of Verbs in your Head. Pray examine the Translation by the Original, Word by Word, and study the Reasons of their Difference; by this Means, you shall become more a Mistress of the French in six Weeks, than you have been in all all your Time hitherto. The Leisure the Country affords, and the little Avocation you have there, afford an excellent Opportunity for this.

lighter on his Pupil, and coax her, rather than compel her, into Learning; and undoubtedly proves the Tutor's Knowledge of human Nature. See a Sketch of her Disposition given in the Notes on the last Letter.

8 GENUINE LETTERS.

Why do you say I set you long Tasks ?
I do not. I bid you take Time, and
don't fatigue yourself. Perform them à
deux, ou trois reprises, ou à combien
vous le voulez ; mais ayez garde de les
faire tous jours soigneusement.

I design to translate, for your Use, the
History of *Nonchalante*, *Babellarde*, and
Finette ; not only for the sake of the
French, but for your Conduct in Life.
They deserve to be got by heart, and
printed deep in your Memory ; though
they seem to be written only for young
Children *, yet they contain a most excel-

* This is another Instance of the Tutor's Knowledge of human Nature ; this little Compliment, thus judiciously thrown in, serves at once to encourage her, and to excite her farther Emulation ; it is also a Proof that, whatever Book she read, he always directed her Search towards the Moral.

lent

GENUINE LETTERS. 9

lent Moral. When you are going to do or say something, that you are in doubt if it ought to be said or done, consider whether it will be like *Nonchalante*, or *Babellarde*, or *Finette*. But I am afraid that you will begin to think I am a *Babellarde*; so I conclude, in assuring you, that few People love you better, than, dear Nancy,

Your faithful Friend, J. P.

Faites mes Compliments à Madame, votre Tante.

London, July 24, 1739.

P. S. I don't wonder at the great Difference between your Translation, and the Original in *Telemaque*, because the English is so different from the Original; but you'll observe the real Faults. I herewith send another Test of your Abilities.

10 GENUINE LETTERS.

LETTER V.

Dear Nancy,

I Received yours of the 24th, which is worse Writing than any of your former Letters. You don't point out the Place in *Telemaque*, from which you took the second Translation in yours; but I can scarcely read it. You have so strong an Inclination to write the initial Letters of your Name small, that you do it always to your Mama, and to me sometimes; namely, in your last.

I observe, with Pleasure, a good deal of the Genius, and true Turn of the French Language, in your Letters and Translations; but you neglect the most common Things, namely, the Spelling,
the

GENUINE LETTERS. 11

the Construction, and Regimes des Verbes.
Pray, dear Nancy, correct that; and
learn to dispose your Letter in a handsome
Manner.

You translate too much at a Time.
Do a little at once, and do it well. Take
more Care of your Writing, and learn
to point.

I go to the Country this Afternoon,
and return on Monday, when I expect to
find one from you.

Vous etes trop empressée, ma Fille,
d'écrire beaucoup à la fois. Ecrivez
moins, et avec plus de Soins. Faites mes
Compliments à Madame votre Tante; et
soyez persuadé que

Je suis, votre fidelle Ami,
*A Londres, ce 28,
de Juillet, 1739.*

J. PRESTON.

B 6

P.S.

12 GENUINE LETTERS.

P. S. Je vous enverrai une Critique sur votre dernière Lettre, dans la mienne de Lundi. Encore je suis à vous.

LETTER VI.

Dear Nancy,

I Have been out of Town since Saturday. At my Return, I got your Letter, but it is neither dated nor pointed. I am glad to find the Spirit of the French Language in your Letters and Translations; and they grow better every Time you write; but, as I told you before, you neglect the Modes, Tenses, Numbers, Construction, and Regimen, which are, as it were, the very Rudiments of the Language. Then you write with so heavy a Hand, that one would think
you

you rather used a Graving-iron, than a Pen.

I have sent you, on the other Side of this Sheet, your Translation of the last Task I set you, with the Original opposite to it. I would have you, my dear, consider it, Word by Word, not only for the Grammar-Part, but likewise to learn the true Idiom of the French, and the Difference of that from the English. I shall only trouble you with one Example. *We* say, "He put his Affairs in good Order." The *French* say, "He put a good Order to his Affairs." You'll see, in your Translation, you have followed the English Idiom*.

I shall

* Be it remembered, and allowed for, in the Midst of all these Idioms, that Mr. P——, being

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I shall continue this Subject in my next. In the mean time, I assure you that your Letters give me very great Pleasure.

Adieu, ma chere Nannette !

Je suis votre, &c.

London,

Aug. 2, 1739.

J. P.

P. S. I send you another Task, which I have translated nearer to the French Idiom than the former, that it may be the easier run into French, when you undertake it.

Faites mes Compliments a Madame, votre Tante.

Encore, une fois, adieu !

ing a Scotchman, falls into many Idioms, even in his own English.

LET

GENUINE LETTERS. 15

LETTER VII.

London, Aug. 4, 1739.

My dear Nancy,

MY last was by Thursday's Post. I received yours Yesterday, in which you excuse the Faults of your Translations, by pleading, that they are not committed through Carelessness; but surely you don't look into your Grammar, else you would spell more correctly, and observe the Differences of the Numbers and Tenses better.

Your Letters and Translations give me great Pleasure, there is something so much of the French Turn in them.

They are only the most common Things which you oversee. You spell
English

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English as well as a Man of Learning does, and much better than the most Part of your Sex. I would have you as perfect at spelling French. I don't expect that your Translations should be equal to the Original. How can that be, when the Translation that I send you, and which you are to render again into the Original, is so widely different from the Original itself? But then I would have you observe the Difference nicely, as it would make a lasting Impression on your Mind. I would have you make some Paper up in different Folds; then write your own Phrase on one Side, and the French Original on the other, if the Difference is worth noticing; for instance, in this Manner:

You

You say, The Original,

Le soin de sa fa- Ce que l'inquietoit
mille lui chagrina le plus, c'etoit le
le plus. soin de sa famille.

Yours is not bad French, but then the other is better. If you'll take this Method, it will infix the most proper and elegant Expression deep in your Mind.

I shall detain you no longer, having many Letters to write. I have enclosed another Paper than I used to send you, though it bears the same Name, because it is more diverting than the former. I shall set you no Task to-day, for I would not chuse to oppress you. I am just going to your Mama's, that, if she thinks fit, she may add a Postscript.

The

18 GENUINE LETTERS.

The Weather is not more uncertain,
than the Rumours we have of Peace and
War.

Adieu ! ma chere Nannette !

Je suis,

à vous, &c. &c.

J. P.

P. S. You should add, now and then,
a Postscript to your Mother; for you
should not be guilty of so much as the
Appearance of Neglect to her.

L E T T E R VIII.

London, Aug. 7. 1739.

Dear Nancy,

I Received yours of the 4th instant. I
am charmed with the Translation. It
is the best you have done, and much bet-
ter than I expected. It is impossible
that

that it can be so good French, as that of so great a Master as *Monf. Perrault*; but, by setting them in Opposition, you see the Difference; and if you will mind it, and keep the Copies, that you may have recourse to them on occasion, I do not know a better Way to attain to the Purity of the French Language.

In your Letter you say, “*La Consideration de cela que vous faire pardonner, &c.*” instead of “*que vous fait pardonner,*” and so on, in many Instances, using the Infinitive for the Imperfect of the Indicative Mood. “*Ma Tante vous faire les Compliments,*” for *vous fait.*” These Mistakes are so obvious, that nothing but Carelessness * can make you fall into

* She has endeavoured to exculpate herself from the Charge of Carelessness, yet here she is again
arraigned

them. Vous ne devez pas vous pleindre de peu de Capacité, parceque vous l'avez belle et bonne ; et vous en etes bien redevable à Dieu.

You should carefully remark the principal Differences between the French and English Manner of Speech. This is what we call different *Dialects*. It is impossible to enumerate them, they are so many ; but the greatest arise out of these Particles *ou, en, du, des, de, &c.* When we would say, A thing is generally reported, we use this indefinite Expression, “ It is said,” or “ They say.” The

arraigned for it. Probably she was unconscious of it. She did not mean to be inattentive, and was only hurried on by early Warmth, and wished, if possible, to attain the Essence of Learning, without the necessary Forms that lead to it. Such Instances are not uncommon.

French

French say, “On dit.” We say “At that time.” They say, “Du temps.” We say, “*In Europe.*” They say, “*Of Europe.*” We say, “I have got a Fever.” They say, “A Fever has taken me.” Then the Use of *à* or *de* before the Infinitive is very hard to be distinguished without great Care; as you will see by comparing the last Translation with the Original. In like Manner, the Difference is difficult between *en* and *dans*; when the Adverb *ne* is to be used, and when not. We say, “He is richer than you think, &c.” The French say, “He is richer than you don’t think.” Then we have an auxiliary Verb, which they want, and which adds great Force and Energy to our Expression on some Occasions; and that is the Verb *do*. When we aver a
 Thing

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Thing with Vehemence, we say, “*I do* say so—I *do* think so.” This is much stronger than to utter simply, “I say so—I think so.” You may observe the Force of this auxiliary *do* in many other Expressions.

Nannette, adieu, jusqu’à Jeudi, et faites mes Compliments à Madame votre Tante.

J. P.

P. S. I shall defer sending you your last Translation, and *Perrault’s* Original, till Thursday.

LETTER IX.

London, Aug. 9, 1739.

Dear Nancy,

ON the other Side you have your Translation, and on the next, the Original. Pray mark the Difference;
for

for though yours is much better than I expected, yet you'll find in the other a shorter Way of Expression. My Translation, which was impossible to be made literally from the French, has occasioned a greater Difference between yours and the original French, than would have been otherwise. Besides, though you sometimes use Words different from the Author, that is nothing; your Words have the same Meaning.

You'll observe, you sometimes mistake the Gender. I shall only notice two Instances. You say, "*Rien de si indolente qu'étoit Nonchalante.*" The Author says, *Rien de si indolent*; your Mistake is, you think *indolent* agrees with *Nonchalante*, and therefore you put it in the Feminine Gender;

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Gender ; but it agrees with *rien* and so should have been in the Masculine.

The next thing is, you say, “*Le même Longeur du Temps.*” This is a stiff Expression, besides it is an Anglicism. *We* say, “The same Length of Time ;” but the *French* say, “*Affez long Temps.*” Moreover this Expression is so natural and usual, that I wonder you endeavoured to find out another.

I have no more Faults to find, only in the Spelling ; but the Translation is so well in the main, that I will send you some little Present for it.

I hope to hear from you to-morrow, how you like Baron Tomlison’s Speech.*

* Inserted in a Craftsman.

You

You have never acknowledged the Receipt of any of those Papers.

Adieu, ma chere Nannette,
jusqu'à Samedi !

J. P.

LETTER X.

London, Aug. 14. 1739.

Dear Nancy,

I HAVE the Pleasure of yours of the 11th instant ; which is still better than any of the former ; only you forget to spell aright. You say, *Vous me traïter*, instead of *Vous me traitez* ; *Ceci vous trouverai*, instead of *Ceci vous trouvera*. The French is exceeding well ; but observe, you write, “ J’ay receu chaque Papier vous m’avez envoyé.” This

is an Anglicism ; for we say, “ I have received every Paper you sent me,” instead of “ every Paper *that* you sent me,” but the French do not ; so it should have been, “ Chaque Papier *que* vous m’avez envoyé.

I have not been abroad since Saturday, being confined to the House by a great Cold. I have sent you, on the other Side, the rest of *Babillarde’s* Character. I want to know how you do, and how you pass your Time,* which you may write in English and at Length.

* Mr. Preston, among his other Attentions to his favourite Scholar, used much to endeavour at impressing on her Mind an Idea of *the Value of Time*, and wished her to be continually employed. Sports and Recreations he called Employments, in their turn, especially when earned by Application to more serious Affairs ; but *sheer Idleness*, he used to say, in the Scottish Dialect, *the human Mind should think shame of.*

When

When I can go abroad, I shall remember what I promised. Your following Tasks shall be shorter than the former, that you may consider them well, and not be hurried in point of Time. I am, with my hearty Service to your Aunt, ma chere Nannette,

à vous,

J. P

P. S. You'll observe that the Translation herewith sent is very near the French Idiom. This I did to make it more easy for you. When you return to Town, I would have you try to put these Translations into more proper English. We come next to the Character of *Finnette*, which I shall divide into three small Tasks, à fin que vous vous en acquittier à votre Aise, et avec Plaisir.

LETTER XI.

London, Aug. 23, 1739.

Dear Nancy,

I HAVE the Pleasure of yours of the 20th and shewed it to your Mama, who was writing to you in the mean Time, but I suppose her Letter don't reach you till this Night.

You certainly do not remark the Differences between the Original and your Translation, or you would not fall so often into Faults which are so obvious. You frequently mix Substantives and Adjectives of different Genders together, and Nouns and Verbs of different Numbers. I have reprov'd you twice for that word *mis*, which you use both in
the

the singular and plural Number, and yet you have it twice in the last Translation.

I remarked to you formerly, that you used the perfect Time, when the imperfect was more proper; and if you had but compared the Original with your own Translation, you would have found it, as I said. You are to observe, as I told you before, when you speak of a particular Thing done some time ago, you should use the perfect: but when you speak of a Thing usually done, the imperfect. For Example:

“ Elle mettoit l'Ordre dans la Maison du Roi.” That is, she *used* to do it. But when it is only a peculiar Action done *once* or at a *certain* Time,

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“ Elle mit l’Ordre,” &c.

Observe also, that they do not use the Word *avec* in *France*, in so extensive a Sense, as we do *with* in *England*. What we translate into *with* is sometimes *à*, sometimes *de* in French.* Remark too they say, *La Cadette de ces deux*, we say, “ The youngest of the three.” The Sense is the same, though the Expression is somewhat different; for *Cadette* signifies properly, one that is younger. *Le Cadet*, for Example, is *the younger Brother*,

* As the true Idiom of a Language is generally the last Point which is learned, and requires a greater Degree of Comprehension than is necessary for understanding a plain grammatical Rule, I hope this Passage will not be deemed too trifling to have been retained. It is possible that a young Mind might receive a deeper Impression from meeting a Rule thus in the Course of a Letter, than in the formal Mode of Instruction.

whereas

whereas *Cadette* in this Place, implies *the Sister, who was younger than the other two.*

When they talk of any Thing that we learn they use *savoir*, instead of *pouvoir*, as you may see in the Original, and it is worth your Observation.

I cannot say but the Translation has the *true Spirit* of French in it ; for this reason, it vexes me to see you fail in the commonest Things. I shall not trouble you with a new Exercise till Saturday, that you may consider what I have remarked in this and my former Letters, with Care and Diligence.

Je suis

votre Ami,

J. P.

L E T T E R XII.

London, Aug. 28, 1739.

Dear Nancy,

I Have the Pleasure of yours of the 26th. I have not yet seen your Ma-ma ; when I do, I shall deliver her your Letter.

I shall not dispute your Care ; but there is a wide Difference between taking Care, and taking due Care. We may exercise a great deal, but if it is not rightly conducted, it may be very unprofitable. If you would survey your Verbs with Attention, you would not
write

write *lifer* for *lire*, nor *ils* *etoit* for *ils* *etoient*. These Errors would never happen, if you were as circumspect as you ought to be. I do not expect that you should fall upon the best Phrases in the French Language; that is impossible; but when you compare the Originals with your Translations, you should do it with so much Accuracy, as to imprint the French Phrases and Idioms strongly on your Mind. Remember what I wrote to you about the Exercise * on the other Side; when you lay that and the Original together, you will have a good Opportunity to remark the different Use of the perfect and imperfect Tense.

* The Character of *Finette*.

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I have got *Gil Blas* to divert you when you return to Town: if you are very anxious to see it, and are to stay some further Time in the Country, I will send it by the Coach.

I was far from well when I wrote last, and rather worse on Sunday; but have been prevailed upon to take a Medicine, and am now much better.

They talk warmly of putting more Ships in Commission, and raising additional Forces, as if there were to be an Invasion, and the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender, French Tyranny and arbitrary Government, were all ready to burst in upon us,

And

And at one Sup,

To eat us up,

as the Dragon of *Wantley* devoured the three poor Children. The anti-ministerial People, however, say that all this Noise is only like crying, *boh!* to make a Child quiet; and that *the poor Children three*, are *England, Scotland, and Ireland*, whom they want to make lie quiet, till they tye them down in their Cradle, and rock them fast asleep. Don't you remember when I used to frighten you with the *Fox, Nancy?* This is just such another Farce, if you will believe our *Partiots*, as they call themselves. But we must not trust them too far; for they are thought to be dissatisfied, if not disaffected, and some of them even suspected

to be *Jacobites*—and love their Country notwithstanding!—But how can that be?—Well, these Things are above our ordinary Capacities, and so we'll e'en let them alone.

Ne lisez vous quelquefois la Sainte Ecriture, *Nannette*? Il y a des Choses très dignes de votre Attention, malgré tous ces Fous qui s'en moquent.

Give my humble Service to your Aunt.
Bon jour, Mademoiselle!

LETTER XIII.

London, Sept. 1, 1739,

Dear Nancy,

YOU still continue to use the singular Verb for the plural. Is not this Negligence in the highest Degree? These little Faults apart, the Translation is admirable, by far the best you ever made, and you improve in every one. I grant it is your Application to write fine French, that makes you neglect common Things; but then it looks ugly to see such good French defective in the very first Principles, that a Beginner would be ashamed of. I do not think *il causoit*, for *il faisoit*, good French. Pray observe the Arrangement of the Original, and compare it with your Translation. You say, *il fit*

l'In-

l'Infidélité de cet Homme de retomber—They say, *il fit retomber l'Infidélité*, &c. Hence you may remark that they put as few Words as they can between the Infinitive and the Verb that governs it. After *faire* they never use the Particle; for Example, *je le ferai entrer*, and not *d'entrer*, or *à entrer*.

On the whole, your Translation charms me; and the Faults are but like a little Mole or two on a fine Face. I shall give you but a very short Task this Day.

I can promise you vast Pleasure in the reading of *Gil Blas**. It is both instructive and pleasant, and very pretty French.

* It is worth observing how nicely Mr. Preston slides in another Author, and lays it before his Pupil as if with a View to her Amusement only. By
this

French. I thought it might divert you now and then in bad Weather.

I commend you much for accustoming yourself to read the Psalms and Chapters for the Day. As the Psalms are a Piece of the finest Poetry in the World, as well as of the most divine and exalted Devotion, and as you have a Taste for Poetry *, and, like every body who has a Taste, must have some preferable Passages

this Means, Instruction wears the Face of Kindness, and while he fixes her Attention on the Pleasure of the Story, and the Utility of the Precept, he insensibly advances her in the Knowledge of the Language.

* How admirably does this excellent Man lead her to a Love of Religion! and while he flatters her Vanity in allowing her to have a Taste for the great Beauties of the divine Poetry, he at once excites an Attention which is most likely to awaken,
or

fages in all Authors, I should be glad to know which are your favourite Psalms. I will acquaint you afterward which were mine when I was about your Age, and which remain so still.

J. P.

LETTER XIV.

London, Sept. 8, 1739.

Dear Nancy,

I Have the Pleasure of yours of the 6th instant. Your Translation is admirable. It outdoes all your former Out-

or even form that Taste, and obliges her to employ so much more Time, that the Principles of Piety may take Root; which, by a cursory Reading, might make but little Impression on so young a Mind.

doings,

doings, as our *Laureat* says.* There are only two Things scored, which you'll correct yourself, so I shall not speak of them.

I give you till this Day Se'nnight to translate the Exercise I now send. I have preserved the French Air and Idiom as much as I could, to lead you by the Hand, as it were, to translate it well.

Madame votre Mere se porte passablement bien ; Madame M—, elle et moi nous dinames ensemble hier chez elle. Madame M— vous faite bien de Compliments. Le Temps commence d'etre un peu rude ; ne ferez vous pas de Retour *bien-tot* ? Tout le Monde de votre Connoissance a grande Envie de vous revoir.

• Colley Cibber Esq;

You

You cannot imagine, my dear Nancy, what Pleasure your Choice of the Psalms gives me: they are, every one, my own Favourites; every one, without Exception. But then I had some more; such as the 8, 19, 23, 29, 30, 34, 36, 42, 63, 65, 107, 139. but especially the 8, 23, 34, 139. The 16th is also a fine Psalm; but I would have you read them in the Bible, and not in our Prayer-Book. The Stile is much nobler in the Bible, that Translation being far better than the other.

The Book of *Ecclesiastes* is the properest Book I know to be read, for making a true Judgment and Estimate of human Life, and the Things of the World; and the Book of *Proverbs*, and the Wisdom

of

of *Jesus* the Son of *Sirach*, in the *Apocrypha*, contain the wisest Precepts for the Conduct of private Life *.

I am, my dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

LETTER XV.

Dear Nancy,

THIS is chiefly to cover the enclosed from your Mama. I am afraid you are ill, that you have not wrote to me these two Posts; but perhaps you have been busy, or visiting, or diverted with

* We may observe in this Place, and indeed throughout these Letters, how strongly Mr. Preston inculcates the Maxim, that a fervent Piety is the necessary and indispensable Qualification of a wise, well-lettered, and a polished Mind.

Com-

Company. However that may be, I shall be uneasy, if I don't hear from you to-morrow.

Hier, au grand Matin, *Don Thomas Giralдино*, l'Ambassadeur d'*Espagne*, partit pour retourner chez lui; etant rapellé par le Roy, son Maitre; et ainsi il y a d'Apparence d'une Guerre entre les deux Couronnes. On dit que le Siege de *Belgrade* vient de se lever; mais cette derniere Nouvelle merite Confirmation. Voila tout ce que nous avons de nouveau aujourd'hui.

Je suis à vous, ma chere Filleule! Mes
Compliments à Madame votre Tante.

A Londres, ce 16, J. P.
de Sept. 1739.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

Oxford, July 18, 1742.*

Dear Nancy,

Nothing has happened, since I saw you, worth writing. We set out yesterday Morning at a Quarter after four, and arrived here this Evening at a Quarter before eight, heartily weary of the Stage-Coach, as most People are.

I was at Church this Forenoon, and heard a Sermon preached before the Heads of the Univerfity.

I hope

* There has not been any Loss of the Tutor's Letters to occasion this great Chasm in the Dates. He was in Town with his Pupil, and the Instruction was carried on in Person. During this Interval, he grounded her in English and French, and made her acquainted with fuch eafy Writings,

as

I hope you will continue to translate, and be strict to the same; but you must take some Liberty in the Expression, because the Idioms of the two Languages will not admit of a literal Translation; you must therefore follow Horace's Advice,

Not Word for Word too faithfully translate.

In my next I shall begin to make Observations upon Virgil, Homer, Milton, or any other Author you shall think fit to mention to me: for we may vary our Subject occasionally, and derive Advantage from it. Whatsoever Book you

as he judged necessary to train her Mind to a Knowledge of higher Authors. How far she profited, may be seen from those which he proposes for the Subjects of their Letters, in this Renewal of their Correspondence.

are

are engaged in, if there be any Point on which you may wish to have my Opinion, I hope you will apply without Reserve; and be assured, I shall always gratify myself when I can oblige you.

I give my humble Service to your Mother and Aunt, and am,

my dear Nancy,

your sincere Friend,

and Servant,

J. P.

LETTER XVII.

Oxon. Sept. 1, 1742.

Dear Nancy,

I Received your Letter yesternight, and am charmed with it. It is written with Sense and Spirit, and in an easy familiar

milair Stile, as all Letters should be written. The Writing too is good, the Lines strait, and the Paper kept free from Blurs or Blots. These Particulars give me Pleasure. Pray persevere in this Care and Attention. Good Habits are full as easy to be attained and preserved as bad ones. The only Point is to set out in a right Way at first, and enter upon it with Determination.

I would have you, by all Means, purchase the *Archbishop of Cambray's Dialogues des Morts*, with the Fables and Lives of the antient Philosophers: they are all bound up together in one Volume. It is an excellent Book; and though one would think that you, a young Girl, should have little to do with the Lives
of

of old Philosophers, yet you cannot fail of finding many Things, which will be of vast Advantage to you, if you duly observe them. You will perceive that even the greatest Men were subject to gross Failings and Follies ; but the main Points to claim your Observation, are those wise Rules and Maxims that were established among them, some by one, some by another, and the salutary Observations they made of Men and Things. These, if you consider them, will be of great Service to you in the Conduct of Life.

I would have you, my Dear, to read often the Proverbs of Solomon, the *Ecclesiastes*, *Ecclesiasticus*, and the *Wisdom of the Son of Sirach*. There are few Books, which I know, fit to be compared

with them for Instructions to make us wise and happy.

I would likewise recommend to you the 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th Satires of *Juvenal*, and the 2d of *Persius* ; and that you would think well and often on them.

Preserve still that Goodness and Sweetness of Temper, of which you are so much Mistress ; and that Modesty, Humility, and Freedom from Affectation, Pride, and Vanity, which, without Flattery, are so remarkable in you. Persevere unceasingly in Affection and Obedience to your Mother, in Kindness and Compassion to your Fellow-Creatures, and, above all, in the Fear and Love of God ; there

will

will be then no Danger but that you will find People who will love and esteem you, nay, very probably, even pique themselves on serving you, and be proud to be thought your Friends and Benefactors.

Let me hear from you often, my Dear: write freely. Let me always know what you are about, and what happens to you. I long to hear that you are gone into the Country, lest you should not be in Time to see Mrs. F— before she leaves it. She is a most deserving Woman, and I could wish to make you acquainted with her. An Intimacy with a Person of real Merit, is one great Blessing of Life: they who live longest perceive this most. Inform me when you set out,

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and I will send you a Letter of Introduction.

There is a little Book, called the *Duke of Rochefoucault's* Maxims, full of excellent Observations on the World and human Life. I would have you procure this little Treatise, either in French or English, as you can best meet with it.

Adieu, ma chere, for this Time. My kind Service to your Mother and Aunt.

I am,

your faithful Friend,

J. PRESTON.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

Oxford, Sept. 9, 1742.

My dear Nancy,

AS soon as this comes to your Hand,
pray carry the enclosed Letter.

The Gentleman, to whom it is addressed,
and his Wife, passed through this Place
the Day before yesterday. She will be
glad to see you: she talked very kindly
of you, and said she had heard a great
Character of you.

She is a Person of much Worth and
good Sense. If you converse with her
freely and naturally, like yourself, with-
out Ostentation or Affectation, you cannot
miss to please her.

D 3

I have

I have heard some of your Acquaintance complain that you are too bashful—regard not that—your Modesty becomes you. Be not too pressing to gain Applause. If you go on in your own Way, it will come to you uncourted; and Love and Esteem will come along with it. Endeavour to merit it, and the more indifferent you seem about it, the more certain you are to acquire it.

I have a long Letter for you soon, so I shall say no more now, but adieu, ma très chère.

Je suis tout à vous,

J. P.

P. S. My humble Service to your Mother and Aunt. Adieu, encore, my little dear.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

Oxford, Sept. 17, 1742.

My dear,

I Have your agreeable Letter of the 14th instant, and would have answered it before, but that I have been engaged lately in a little Business, which has prevented my writing to you so often as I intended.

You want to have long Letters from me; I want the same Thing from you. I wish you had been particular about your Visit to Mr. and Mrs. F—, and that you had let me know the Subject your Conversation turned upon. You don't tell me if Mr. W— has sent the Arch-

D 4

bishop

bishop of Cambray's Book, nor what you think of *Roche foucault's* Maxims ; but as you are deeply engaged in *Homer*, I can easily excuse that.

There are infinite Beauties in *Homer* ; and though all Translations must, in some Respects, fall short of so great an Original, yet I think Mr. *Pope* preserves the Life and Soul, and Fire of it, in a great Degree. There is not such a vast Warmth and Ardour in *Virgil*, but then there is such a Beauty, and, I may say, Loveliness in him, as passes all Description ; nor is it possible for the Heart of a Reader, who is ignorant of this Original, to form any Manner of Idea of it. When you read *Pope's* Translation, you read something like *Homer* himself ; but
when

when you read *Dryden's* Translation of *Virgil*, you can scarce have any Notion or Image of his genuine Excellencies. No Painter ever gave more fine and lively Expression to a Picture, or with more Exactness and Judgment, than *Virgil* gives to his Descriptions. Nay, if you saw the Thing itself represented before you, it would scarcely make a deeper Impression. Yet I do not hereby presume to aver that *Dryden* was a Poet inferior to *Pope*, but he was old, and not *à son Aise*, when he translated *Virgil*. A bet-Excuse however may be brought for him; namely, that neither our Language, nor (to my Belief) any other Language in the World, can come up to the Beauty, Elegance and Energy of the matchless Original.

Though no one can read *Homer*, who has any (though ever so little) Elevation of Fancy, without being charmed with him, yet if we are let into his great Design, the Structure and Contrivance of his Fable, the Plot, Conduct, and Execution of the Whole, with what the Criticks call the Characters, the Sentiments, Diction, Figures, Descriptions, &c. I say, when these Things are duly known, we shall have a much greater Pleasure in reading him, than otherwise we can possibly attain.

If you will read *Pope's* Introduction to the *Iliad*, with Care, it will prove of great Use to you. You should also make yourself acquainted with his Notes ; but in order to have a just Conception of this

Stile

Stile of Writing. it is necessary to pay great Attention to *Bossu's* Treatise of Epick Poetry. It is commended as the most judicious Essay on that Subject, that ever was written; and, though it be of little Use to us, till we are somewhat acquainted with Epick Poetry, yet, once dipped into that excellent Way of Writing, it is of infinite Service to give us a true Taste for it. We should experience the Advantage of it, in a high Degree, through the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Æneid*, and *Paradise Lost*. Many other Epick Poems are written, which perhaps may as well be let alone as read. I except some prose Performances, such as *Telemaque*. *Tasso's Jerusalem delivered* has been recommended to me

well worth reading: it was originally written in Italian*. There is, however, I am told, an old Translation of it into English, by *Edward Fairfax*, which I am going to read forthwith. A Friend, on whose Taste and Judgment I can depend, assures me it is an admirable Work, abounding with exquisite Poetry, and all the Spirit of an Original. *Statius*, who certainly had a great poetic Genius, wrote an Heroic Poem in Latin, called the *Thebaid*; but it falls so infinitely short of *Virgil* in some Particulars, and

* I am apt to think Mr. *Preston* was not singular in having lived many Years ignorant of this beautiful Production. Within the small Circle of my Acquaintance, I have been amazed, on quoting *Tasso's Jerusalem*, to find several Persons of exquisite Taste, and Lovers of reading, utter Strangers to the very Name. It is surely an admirable Poem, and should be universally known.

perhaps

perhaps in *all* (except in his *Fire*, of which *Statius* had a large Portion) that his Poem and *Virgil's* are often opposed to each other in *Bossu*, by way of contrast; so that you may there see close and nice Examples of Judiciousness and Injudiciousness, Beauties and Defects. It might be of great Advantage to you, to have *Statius* and *Virgil* before you, when you read *Bossu*, that you might immediately consult the Originals, when any remarkable Quotation is made. There is some Part of the *Thebaid* translated by Mr. *Pope*, but I do not know if the whole is rendered into English by any Hand. Now if you are inclined to read *Bossu*, I will send it to you.

There

There are some noble Beauties in *Homer* and *Virgil*, which I have, with great Accuracy, observed. Perhaps the chief of them may have been noticed by other People; however as they are *my own*, and not borrowed from, though they may resemble, others, I flatter myself they may not be unwelcome to you.

To begin with *Homer*. We are to consider in the first Place, what was his Design or End in writing an Heroick Poem, abstracted entirely from the Tendency of the Work.

The End this Poet proposed to himself, perhaps, was to procure Praise, perhaps, Profit. The latter has been too often the Case of Poets, and if the Tradition be true,

true, that *Homer* was blind and poor, it might have been the same with him.

Horace ingenuously confesses of himself,

“*Paupertas impulit audax*

“*Ut Versus facerem*”——to wit,

“*Poverty, which is impudent, compelled me*

“*to write Verses.*”

Yet when we consider the Sublimity, and almost Divinity of *Homer's* Writings, we are surely tempted to think that he was not poor; if he was, how much is he to be admired and revered, who scorned to stoop to low disgraceful Subjects, by which, however, he might possibly have obtained an easier and more plentiful Subsistence, than by producing such a laborious, sublime and useful Work!

It is probable that the *Æneid* was wrote with a Design to compliment *Augustus*
Cæsar,

Cæsar, and procure his Favour. Allowing this, I cannot but think that *Virgil* pleased himself, at the same Time, with the Beauty and Loveliness of the Characters and Descriptions he gave us; and in the Reflection of having endeavoured to make Mankind better, by representing the Excellence of Virtue, and Detestability * of Vice, in their distinct Colours.

You perceive hereby that we are to distinguish between the End an Author proposes

* I believe this is a Word of Mr. *Preston's* own Coining, but the Strength and Application of it appeared to me to carry the Apology with them. It cannot be objectionable, I presume, to any but a Caviller. A liberal Judge scorns, on every slight Occasion, to make a cold Appeal to a Dictionary. Not but, in my humble Opinion, the Word, though not to be found, is very justifiable in grammatical Propriety. We have *Placability*, as well as *placable*, and why not *Detestability*, as well

proposes to himself by his Work, and that which he proposes to the World. The general Design and Tendency may be equally to amuse and improve Mankind; the particular Tendency, to inculcate some useful Truth in the Minds of those Persons, for whom the Work was chiefly written.

Virgil founds his Subject on the Actions and Sufferings of *Æneas*, from the Destruction of *Troy*, till he settled a new Empire in *Italy*; and the Lesson, to be deduced from it, seems to be, the great Efficacy of a due Mixture of active and

well as *detestable*? And are not such Liberties (so long as they do not contradict Reason and Probability) not only allowable, but Praise-worthy, in-as-much as they contribute to enlarge and enrich our Language?

passive

passive Virtues. His *Æneas* is wise, just, pious, valiant, good-natured, patient, and firm to his Purpose. These Virtues carry him, at last, through all his Difficulties ; but his Patience and Piety, seem most important to him. This is nicely judicious in the Author, to make the Hero owe his Happiness to his unrepining Endurance of Hardships, his implicit Submission to the Will of Heaven, and his pious Affection for his Father, his Son, his Friends, and his People ; hence he is beloved of them all ; and we find, notwithstanding his long Sufferings, he was the peculiar Care of Heaven.

Man is not a faultless Being. *Virgil* therefore did not chuse to draw his Hero out of Nature. He has described him with the Imperfections of a human Being.

ing. He is very culpable in his Behaviour to *Dido*. This is his great Fault ; but you see, the Author has judiciously attributed that to him, which the greatest of Men are liable to, and the best of Men sometimes fall into. *Æneas* however acted not half so bad a Part by *Dido*, as *David* did with respect to *Bathsheba* and *Uriah* ; and yet you see, it cost *Æneas* very dear, and it was not without great Grief and Anguish of Heart, that he extricated himself at last. Supposing the Story to be true, a Man of so much Goodness of Disposition as *Æneas*, must have had many bitter Reflections, during the whole Course of his Life, for his Behaviour at *Carthage*, and the fatal Event which attended it.

Dido stands a great Example to all Ages of the Danger and Ruin a Woman
of

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of Virtue exposes herself to, who ventures to give way, though ever so slightly, to the first Advances towards illicit Love. To your Sex she should be a perpetual Warning. It is worth your while to set the Picture before you. We will forget the *Queen*, and consider her as mere Woman. We find her struggle with her Inclination, at first, and even swear against giving way to her Passion; yet she listened with Pleasure to every thing *Aeneas* said. By Degrees she is overcome. She then throws off all Reserve and Shame; neglects her Affairs, gadds about with him from Place to Place, throwing aside all the Decorum of her Sex and Situation; rides and hunts with him. At length, poor Woman! she finds he is going to forsake her. She

She storms and threatens, weeps, and intreats by Fits; now sends a resentful, now a submissive Message. He answers all with Respect and Good-manners, but at the same Time, with Coldness and Indifference. This Treatment fills her with Agony unspeakable. Rest and Sleep are utter Strangers to her. At length, he departs from *Carthage*; then she becomes distracted, exposes herself to the whole City, execrates herself for not having destroyed him, his Son and herself; she then sinks again into Complaints and Lamentations, till she is lost in Despair, and resolves to sacrifice her Life. Possessed with this horrid Determination, she becomes outrageous, and flies through her Apartments with the Looks and Fury of

of a Fiend, devoting him and his Posterity to endless Torments. The Presents he had made her then meet her Eyes; she dissolves into Tears at the Sight, and moans, in painful Recollection, over the happy Hours she had passed with him. Unable longer to endure the Variety of Torments that surround her, she slays herself with a Sword, which had belonged to the Author of them, and in the Agonies of Death throws herself on the rich Apparel he had left behind him. Be it not forgot that, in this Act of Despair, she placed the Picture * of her Lover on the funeral Pile. Thus,

* It is remarkable, that in some capital Paintings of the Death of *Dido*, this very natural and striking Circumstance of the Picture is omitted by the Artists.

notwith-

notwithstanding all her Rage and Resentment, Love held the largest Dominion over her Mind, and possessed her to the last.

Collect the whole, and meditate well upon it. It nearly behoves you, and every one of your Sex so to do; for be assured, my dear Nancy, every loose Betrayer is pictured in *Æneas*, and every seduced Woman in *Dido*. From the Days of *Virgil* to this present Hour, the Betrayer will abandon the Victim of his unwarrantable Passion, and the Victim will sink under Misery and Despair; and such must be the End of every licentious Amour: yet your unhappy Sex will not take Warning, though all Ages and Historians unite to prove the fatal Truth.

I have

I have given you a very long Letter ;
 the Story of *Dido* led me so far beyond
 what I proposed : but as it was done
 with a view to your future Safety and
 Well-doing, I hope you will not think
 I have said too much ; but will treasure
 up in your Remembrance this cautionary
 Admonition of,

your very sincere Friend

J. P.

LETTER XX.

Oxon, Sept. 22, 1742.

Dear Nancy,

THE Beauties, and various Incidents
 in the Fourth Book of the *Æneid*,
 engaged me so closely, as to make me
 postpone

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postpone what I should before have observed, namely the Tendency of this most noble Poem. I now come to it.

Near the Beginning of the first Book, *Virgil* makes this Reflection, "So great a Task was it to found the Roman Empire *." From which I am of Opinion that the immediate and particular Design of his Work was to imprint on the Minds of the *Romans*, his Countrymen, a great Esteem for themselves, a passionate Love for their Country, and a becom-

* "Tantæ Molis erat Romanam condere Gentem ;"

So it runs in the Original, and in *Dryden* ;

*Such Time, such Toil requir'd the Roman Name,
Such Length of Labour for so vast a Frame.*

ing Piety and Gratitude towards the Gods ; those Gods, who had fought for them, who had led them through so many Dangers and Difficulties, and, after such severe Encounters with other Nations, and even with some of the Deities themselves who were Enemies to the *Trojans*, had, at last, settled them in that fine Country of *Italy*, and from small Beginnings had enabled them to grow up to such a Height as perhaps the World had never seen before, nor ever shall again.

If this was *Virgil's* Design (and surely it is very probable) how agreeable is it to what we find in holy Writ ! *Jacob* says,

“ I have

“ I have passed over this Brook with
 “ my Staff, and now I am become two
 “ Bands.”

Moses tells the *Israelites*, that they were the fewest of all People, and God had made them a mighty and a strong Nation. This is in order to excite in them Gratitude and Piety. *David*, in a hundred Places, mentions the Assistance of God, whereby, from a low and despicable Estate, he was become great and mighty.

“ I am poor and needy, but the Lord
 “ careth for me.”

“ He teacheth my Hands to fight.”

“ A Bow of Brass is broken by my
 “ Arms.”

“By my God I shall leap over a Wall.”

“He subdueth the People under me.”

“As the Lord liveth, who hath re-
deemed my Soul out of all Adversity.”
&c.

Now *Virgil*, when he wrote his *Æneid*, seems to have been possessed of the same Sentiments as those of *David*, *Moses* and *Jacob*. It appears manifestly so by the Spirit, which runs through his whole Work.

We find him every where in love with Piety, Prudence, Patience, Constancy of Mind, Modesty, Humanity, Candour, and in short with all that is praise-worthy. He has beside a Passion for the Belles-Let-
tres,

tres, and Arts and Sciences, in general ; and by his Maxims, recommends a sober, industrious Life and Contentment with a little, rather than we should prostitute ourselves, and our Principles for Gain ; so that this noble Work is not only a fine Poem, but moreover a compleat System of Morality.

Not only the Virtues above-mentioned are recommended, and placed in a favourable Light, throughout the whole Work, but their contrary Vices are branded with Infamy and Detestation, always hurtful, if not fatal to the Persons, possessed of them. The Author makes Virtue and Piety carry People through all Difficulties ; that is, in most Instances, but he has peculiar Exceptions. He knew too much of the World and of Nature,

to make it always so. This would have been contradictory to Experience, and even his own Maxims ; for he frequently gives us plain Intimations, that it often pleases Providence to do, and bring about Things, which we cannot account for. You may remember, for Instance, that at the Burning of *Troy*, *Æneas* lost his wife, *Creusa*, in the Confusion. He returned, and went again through all his Dangers, in quest of her. At last, she *appears* to him, and desires him to employ no more Sollicitude about her, for he was never to see her again. She adds, that such Things do not happen but by the Will and Ordination of Heaven ; intimating that it was the great Mother of the Gods, who had detained her in those Parts, purposely that she might not
be

be enslaved by the Greeks. Lastly, she recommends, with great Earnestness, their Son *Ascanius* to his Care, the common Pledge of their Love. Now, to ask why a virtuous affectionate Couple should be so dreadfully separated, and why *Creusa* should perish in *Troy*, who had not deserved it by any Crime, were to ask a presumptuous and an impious Question, allowing the Story to be true. It was undoubtedly to answer some great and better Purpose, intentionally concealed from our weak Judgments; and this is the Lesson, which *Virgil* means to give us. *Creusa's* tender Concern for her Child is most affectingly natural, and the Reality has been verified in the Deathbed Farewel of many worthy Wives.

Will you permit me to digress one Moment, to mark to you a Beauty of this Kind in our great dramatic Bard, our *Shakespeare*? In the third Act of *Hamlet*, when the *Ghost* appears to the Prince and his Mother in the Closet, “to whet his almost-blunted Purpose,” he suddenly breaks from that, to a tender Concern and Compassion for the Queen’s Situation,

*But see, Amazement on thy Mother sits,
O step between her, and her fighting Soul;
Conceit in weakest Bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.*

This Solitude for the Sufferings of one, who in Life was dear, surviving the Grave, is most inexpressibly beautiful.

To

To return to *Virgil*: don't you think, Nancy, that if he had lived since Popery came into the World, the Roman Catholics would have said that the Mother of the Gods detaining *Creusa*, meant that the *Virgin Mary* had taken her into her especial Service?

Whenever this Author makes virtuous Persons suffer, it is necessary that you should observe, he makes them guilty of some Fault, which naturally brings on their Distresses; and it is to such Fault you must attribute them, abstractedly from their good Qualities. I shall give you a short Instance or two.

The hopeful, the beautiful, the virtuous *Pallas*, was killed untimely, in

the very Bloom of his Youth; so was the charming young *Euryalus*, the only Joy of his Mother, as the other was the only Hope of his Father. *Lausus* met also the same Destiny, the worthy Son of an unworthy Father.

Now while you pity them, consider they were all three too rash. The Heat of Youth carried them beyond the Bounds of Prudence: they all loved their Parents, and were beloved by them with great Tendernefs; but that Heat and Impetuosity rendered them disobedient. *Pallas's* Eagernes made him *break his Promise* to his Father. The Case was much the same with *Lausus*; after he had saved his Father's Life, his Eagernes prevented his attending him, though often and often sent for. *Euryalus* under-
took

took an Exploit above his Years, and that without taking Leave of an affectionate Mother. Much is to be learned from these Examples; for though *Virgil* does not expressly say, they suffered on these Accounts, yet he plainly insinuates it. Again, the impious Father of *Lausus* is forced to confess that his Wickedness was the original Cause of his Son's Loss, and owns it to be a just Judgment on him.

By these Examples *Virgil* teaches us how dangerous it is to fail in a Point of Duty to Parents, albeit through the mere Frailty of our Nature, and neither out of Contempt nor Stubbornness of Temper.

Adieu, my dear.

J. P.

E 6

LET-

LETTER XXI.

Oxon. Sept. 23, 1742.

My dear,

THE infinite Beauties of *Virgil* have carried me so much farther than I intended, that, if I can prevail upon myself, I shall contract what I have to say further on this Subject into a narrow Compass; though there are so many Charms in this glorious Poem, that I scarce know how to quit it.

To point out all the Excellencies of the *Æneid*, it would be necessary to repeat the whole Poem. I will therefore only touch on some of those Passages which

which please me most, and are, what I judge, the chief Beauties.

In the first Book, we may remark his meeting with his Mother under the Figure of a Huntress, his going to *Carthage*, the Reception which the Queen gave him, and her becoming enamoured of him; and the Artifice which *Venus* used for that Purpose.

The Story of *Sinon*, in the second Book, the Return of *Æneas* to seek his Wife, his Interview and Conversation with her Spirit, and the affectionate Care and Anxiety he testified for his Father, his Son and whole Family, are very affecting.

How striking are his Adventures and Distresses through the whole third Book,
but

but particularly his Encounter with *Helena* and *Andromache* ! How natural was all that happened on that Event ! The Story of *Achæmenides*, the *Cyclopes*, and the Description of *Ætna* !

In the fourth Book, the whole Process of the Loves of *Æneas* and *Dido*, with their fatal Consequences, are beyond all Parallel, all Power of Imitation.

In the fifth, the funeral Games are introduced in Honour of *Anchises*, particularly the Mock-fight of the Children, called *Ludus Trojanus*. These are followed by the burning of the Ships and Behaviour of the Matrons.

The

The whole sixth Book is inexpressibly fine ; his meeting with *Dido*, and their mutual Behaviour thereon ; his encountering *Deiphobus* and his Father, and having the Ghosts of his Posterity shewn him, are all most awefully affecting. *Shakespeare* seems to have imitated this last Circumstance in his *Macbeth*.

How well does he describe the Joys of Heaven and Hell, and what Sort of Inhabitants are to be found in each Place ! The chief in Heaven are those, who have suffered Wounds and Death for their Country ; Priests who have lived a holy Life, becoming their Profession ; and Bards who have written and sung in pious Strains, not unworthy of the Gods ;

Gods ; intimating, that those who prostitute such sublime Talents to mean and vitious Purposes, deserve not the Care of Heaven. Next in Degree to these are Persons who have employed their Life in Arts and Inventions, for the Benefit of Mankind, and such as have distinguished themselves by doing good.

In the other State, he allots the greatest Share of Misery to those, who, when alive, hated their Brethren. Herein the Writer agrees exactly with what our Saviour said to *Peter* about forgiving his Brother, and what is likewise inculcated in many other Parts of Scripture. St. *John* says,

and I have written and sung
of the
Gods ;

“He

“ He that sayeth he loveth God, and
 “ hateth his Brother, is a Lyar, and the
 “ Truth is not in him.”

We next behold those who have rejected their Parents, defrauded their Dependants, and deceived such as confided in them ; after which come those who have sat brooding over their Gold, and refused to share it with the needy ; those who have sold their Country for mercenary Ends, have wrested the Laws, and destroyed the Constitution ; and those who have dared to be guilty of Adultery or Incest. To what noble Purposes, my dear Nancy, does this visionary Scene conduce ! How admirably has *Virgil's* Fancy and Morality gone Hand in Hand !

Do

Do you not admire that charming Description, in the seventh Book, of the different Nations who came as Allies to the War, which was impending? Their Behaviour, Habits, Arms, Customs, how infinitely entertaining! and particularly, the charming Picture of *Camilla*, the female Warrior, and her Troop of Ladies.

The great Events in the ensuing Part of the Work are, *Æneas's* Visit to *Evan-der*, the Conversation and Consequences, the simple Way of Life pursued by that old Prince, the Story of *Cacus*, and that of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, the Praises of *Hercules*, the Speeches of *Turnus* and *Dran-ces*, and the Deaths of *Pallas*, *Camilla*, and *Lausus*. What noble Fire and Spirit does he display, when he describes the
Conflict

Conflict between *Æneas* and *Turnus*! and how sublime are the Sentiments of the latter, when he discovers that he had been pursuing a Spectre, instead of *Æneas*, and again, when he is about to expire. These, my dear Nancy, are such great and beautiful Passages, as appear to rise in your Estimation, the more you consider, and the oftner you peruse them.

It is worth your while also to observe how humane a Man, and how fine a Gentleman, *Virgil* appears throughout his whole Work. With what Pleasure does he dwell on Instances of Piety, paternal Love, filial Duty, conjugal Affection, Humanity, Hospitality, and every social Virtue! With what apparent Delight

light does he speak of a lovely Child, or a promising Youth ! We see Instances of this in his *Ascanius*, *Astyanax*, *Euryalus*, *Pallas*, and *Lausus*.

He seems to describe, with no less Participation of Joy, Examples of fond tender Parents, in *Æneas*, *Evander*, *Creusa*, *Andromache*, *Amata*, and the Mother of *Euryalus*. He instructs us in the Knowledge of human Nature, (wherein he was deeply skilled) by painting the Love and Concern for a worthy Son, in the savage and impious Mind of *Mezentius*. We may hence derive some very important Truths and Lessons. We learn first that Love to our Children is so inherent, that Persons who acknowledge no other Claim, who feel no other Call of Nature,

ture, and who are actually guilty of great Faults, in other Respects, still preserve their Duty and Affection here. We learn beside that Worth and Goodness will always be beloved and admired, and extort some Degree of Approbation, even from the most unfeeling Heart. Had the Son of *Mezentius* been less deserving, probably his Father would not have mourned his Loss to such Excess; *Aeneas* not so strongly regretted having killed him; nor would *Virgil* have bewailed him in such Terms, as (to use the Expression of *Horace*) “were worth his dying for.” He lost his Life through his Excess of Virtue; he was alarmed with Grief and Fear at Sight of his Father’s Danger, rushed between him and *Aeneas*, and preserved his Parent. By
this

this we are taught another useful Truth ; namely, that no Fault of a Parent can supersede the Duty of a Child. He might have escaped, after he had preserved his Father ; but Rashness, so incident to Youth, drove him to venture beyond his Strength. *Æneas* fore-warned him ; he was deaf to this humane Advice, and his Death was the natural Consequence.

How finely natural is the Interview between *Æneas* and *Andromache*, the Widow of *Hector* and Mother of *Astyanax* ! It is worth your while to place them plainly and exactly before you. She weeps ; he stands amazed, and can hardly hiss out (such is the literal Meaning of *Virgil's* Expression) a few Words.

When

When she has Power of Utterance, she expatiates on many Subjects at once; she relates the Story of her Life since the taking of *Troy*, then enquires of his; then questions him about his Son, if he was not a promising Youth, if he did not copy after him and his Uncle *Hector*? and if he did not take to Heart the Death of his Mother? At parting from *Æneas*, she takes Leave of *Ascanius*; she calls him the very Picture of her poor *Astyanax*: she discovers the same Countenance, Eyes, and Hands, and that, had he happily survived, he would have been of the same Growth. This is the very Strength and Beauty of Nature, whose Workings and Effects are the same in all Degrees of Life. Our Stations may be different, but our Feelings are alike.

Virgil

Virgil not only dwells upon the Duty of Children to their Parents, but even to their Nurses, to those who have had the Care of their Infancy. He recommends this, and exalts the Character of his Hero, at the same Time. That Part of the Coast of *Italy*, where the Nurse of *Aeneas* was buried, was called after her Name, and the pious Hero bestowed on her an honourable Funeral.

How pleasing is the Description of *Anna's* Nurse (whom *Dido* treated with the same Tenderneſs as ſhe would her own, who was deceaſed) with an Intent and buſy Air labouring to execute the Queen's Orders; *Virgil's* Expreſſion is "*Studio anili;*" that is, with that Caution

tion and Concern, so peculiar to her Age and Office.

Our Author appears also as partially fond of his old Men, who are good and pious ; his *Priam*, *Anchises*, *Evander*, and *Butes*. *Priam* is the first Man to encourage *Sinon*, and *Anchises* is the same to *Achæmenides*. You see the Care and Attention which the Tutor of *Ascanius* shews his Pupil. Thus *Virgil* paints Mankind in every Stage and Station of Life, and in all with equal Propriety : his Judgment never fails him.

I had forgot to recommend two very fine Passages ; the Meeting between *Alecto* and *Turnus*, and the Story of *Æneas's* Shield, made by *Vulcan*. Had I

nothing to divert me from this my favourite Employ of instructing you, my Observations should be more copious and distinct ; but still I hope they are what will be of some Use. If I have not tired you, I will employ another Letter on this same Subject, so difficult do I find it to leave this admirable Writer ; ever desiring you to retain in your Mind, that it is not in Order to make you a Critic, only to enable you to read these two incomparable Poems, the *Iliad* and *Aeneid*, with Pleasure and Profit.

I am, my dear Angel,
tout à vous,

J. P.

P. S. I send this by a private Hand.

LET.

LETTER XXII.

Oxon. Sept. 26, 1742.

My dear Angel,

I Received yours of the 23d instant; it gave me more Pleasure than I can exprefs. Your Sentiments of particular Passages in *Homer*, so far as you have read, are just and fine, and I desire you will give me your Thoughts on all the Remainder, as you proceed. *Homer* certainly strikes us more than *Virgil*, at first. He surpasses almost all Writers in Loftiness, in Strength, in Fire, and in a boundless Fancy. But more of this at Length, when we come to have him before us, and make him our

F 2

mutual

mutual Topic; though, in Truth, you have prevented a good deal of what I should have had to say on him, and will continue so to do, as you go on. I will now conclude my Observations on the *Aeneid*, and that in as few Words as possible.

Virgil makes his Hero not only do humane Offices to his Friends, his Relations, and to his Nurse, but even to his Servants. His Care of the Funerals of *Misenus* his Trumpeter, and *Palinurus* his Pilot, are Instances of this.

When he describes a funeral Pomp, a Sacrifice, the Admission of an Ambassador, the Consecration of a Trophy, the Celebration of a Festival, the Solemnities

nities at declaring War, or concluding Peace, or any Ceremonial whatsoever, it is not only most beautifully delivered, but we may be assured, he lets us, at the same time, into the exact Manners and Customs of the *Romans*, on all such Occasions, so that Delight and Instruction go Hand in Hand.

Not only every word in *Virgil* is a Jewel, but they are all so put together, that every Sentence may be said to represent a String of Jewels set to the best Advantage, and the whole *Æneid* is so compact, one Part so connected with another, that they tend to illustrate each other in the most striking Colours, and follow in such natural Order and Process, as renders

the whole Work beautiful, and places it in the most becoming Point of Sight.

It is observable that *Virgil* never uses an idle Word. Although there are some things, the Purpose whereof we do not perceive, at a first reading, yet on nearer observation, before, or by the Time we reach the End of the Poem, we plainly discover it. I'll give you an Instance of this fine Address in *Virgil*.

He makes his Hero not only the greatest Character in his Work, but also the most beautiful and virtuous. This is the Reverse of *Homer's* Proceeding, who seems to make *Hector's* Character the most lovely of his Heroes ; (and perhaps both Poets were in the Right, as I shall hereafter

after endeavour to make appear, when we come to compare Notes on the Greek) *Virgil* describes *Turnus* fierce and haughty ; when he kills *Pallas*, he does it with Pleasure ; he insults over him, and dispatches a cruel Message to his Father. He indeed sends back the Body (for this Author seems resolved not to make *Turnus* so savage as *Achilles*) but spoils him of his Armour, and puts it on himself, together with the gorgeous Belt, which *Pallas* wore. Now we should be apt to suppose, at this particular Crisis, that there was nothing more implied herein, than that it was customary for great Warriors to wear the Arms of Adversaries, whom they had subdued. But we find afterwards

that *Virgil* had a particular Use to make of this Belt, which he had so especially mentioned. *Turnus* puts it on, and wears it in Triumph ; whereon the Poet makes a useful Reflection, and, at the same time, gives us a Hint of what will follow. “ The Mind of Man,” says he, “ elated with Prosperity, is incapable of “ behaving with Moderation, and blind “ to Futurity. The Time will come “ when *Turnus* will forely regret that “ ever he assaulted *Pallas*.”

I will break off here, lest my Letter should be too long, and give you one more on this Subject.

The Lines, you have quoted,* are in my Opinion the most beautiful in the

* “ As when the Moon, refulgent Lamp of Night,” &c.

l. 687 to l. 698.

whole

whole *Iliad*. If you remember, one Night as we were coming through the Park, after I had repeated to you *Milton's* Description of a fine Evening, I endeavoured to give you those, but could not recollect them all.

Adieu, my Dear,

J. P.

LETTER XXIII.

Oxford, Oct. 1, 1742.

My Dear,

YOUR Letter of the 27th came safe to my Hand on the 29th. I really cannot tell you particularly when I shall be in Town; but believe it will be some Time this Month. My coming depends on the Receipt of some Letters from *Scotland*.

As you intend to read the *Æneid* again, there are many things, that I shall pass over, because I would not forestall the Pleasure you are to have, if you read it with due Attention. I shall only finish the Remark I began about *Pallas's* Belt.

When *Æneas* vanquishes *Turnus*, at the latter Part of the Poem, *Turnus* sues for his Life. Now it was not proper to grant it; and the Nicety was, how to make *Æneas*, who was so famous for Humanity, and a merciful Disposition, not comply with the Request, and yet preserve his own Character. Behold this very Belt is made use of, which naturally and critically meets his Eye at the very Instant when his Anger begins to relent and his Heart to melt. He immediately fires, with fresh Resentment, on
recol-

recollection of the cruel Insults which *Turnus* was guilty of, when he slew *Pallas*. Hence a noble Indignation, Resentment, and even Compassion for the Fate of *Pallas* occasions the Death of *Turnus*; and thus the Poet, by a beautiful Stroke of Fancy, makes that great Event the Result of Friendship and Pity, which otherwise had been an Act of Cruelty. We learn also, from the Instance before us, this fine Lesson, “That what People are most proud and vain of, is often the Occasion of their Ruin.” There is a noble Reflection to this Purpose at the End of the tenth Satire of Juvenal. All that I have further to say about the *Aeneid*, is, to point out to you some charming Comparisons, and then I have done with it. This I shall do in my next

Letter, which I propose writing on Sunday.

I would have you, my dear, look into the Lives of the ancient Philosophers; and particularly regard their Observations made on Life; they will be of great Use to you.

You do not tell me what you think of the Duke of *Roche foucault's* Maxims, and Observations.

I am now going through Ovid's *Metamorphoses* anew, and the more I read, the more I am charmed with it. I wonder you do not proceed in that Work. No Man surely had ever so easy, so natural, so charming a Manner of telling a Story. You love Novels. *Ovid* has an
Hundred

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Hundred, at least; and all of them infinitely beautiful in their Way. But no more of him at present. It will be near a Week before I can say any thing to you about *Homer*.

Adios! *

Yours most sincerely,

J. P.

LETTER XXIV.

Oxford, Oct. 3, 1742.

My Dear Nancy,

I Wrote to you on the 1st instant, with a small Enclosure, which I hope is come safe to Hand. It will enable you to

* It is necessary to observe here, that Mr Preston had an Intention, had he lived, to make his Pupil acquainted with Italian, Spanish and Latin, after
the

to buy the *Iliad*, since you love it so well, and furnish you with a little Pocket-money over and above.

You neither write me, if you have been to see the Lady I recommended, again, nor how you like *Rochevoucault*, nor the Arch-bishop of *Cambray's* Lives of the Philosophers; but, I fancy, *Homer* engages all your Attention at present.

I shall conclude all that I have to say about *Virgil*, with pointing out some few striking Comparisons.

She was well-grounded in English and French. It is with this view therefore that he occasionally slides in particular Words, to awaken her Curiosity, in order to make that Instruction wear the Air of a Gratification of her Inquiries, rather than the Imposition of a Task, which, if formally laid down, might appear too heavy and laborious.

In

In the first Book of the *Æneid*, *Neptune*, reproving the Winds and the Waves, is well compared to a Man of Merit and Authority speaking to an enraged Mob. In the Fourth, *Dido* to a wounded Deer—and *Turnus* and *Æneas*, to two distinct Conflagrations in different Parts of a Forest, or two Torrents pouring down a steep Hill. When *Æneas*, after the Arrow was drawn out with which he was wounded, is returning to the Place of Battle, with the whole Corps de Reserve, while Clouds of Dust arise, and the Earth trembles with the Beating of the Horses Feet, his Enemies, struck with Terror, are nobly compared to Husbandmen, who see a black Storm coming across the Sea, that threatens universal Ruin, destroys the Trees, and lays waste the Fruits of the Earth.

The

The Poet makes it still more terrible by one peculiar Circumstance, which is a *whisking* Wind, a certain Fore-runner of such a dreadful Storm, as he there describes.

Æneas pursuing *Turnus*, and not being able to overtake him, is aptly likened to a Hound pursuing a Deer ; and this is so lively a Representation to one who has seen such a Chace, as nothing can surpass. ~~It~~ Again *Turnus*, in his Engagement with *Æneas*, when confounded with Fear and the bad Omens he had met with, and persuaded the Gods were against him, fights indeed, but in such a Manner, as one imagines one does in a Dream. How forcibly picturesque ! But read it. That exceeds all Description.

There

There is, however, a Comparifon in *Milton*, which is far beyond all I ever read in *Virgil*, *Homer*, or any where. That is, the Comparifon of *Michael* and *Satan* to two black Clouds, that fill up the different Parts of the Sky, big with Thunder, Lightning and Tempeft, and at laft difcharge their whole Artillery at each other.

The laft Obfervation I fhall make on *Virgil*, is, that he has been a great Lover of what is called the Belles Lettres. We can perceive that he admired Painting himfelf, by what he relates of *Æneas* admiring the Paintings in *Dido's* Palace before he broke through the Cloud, and by his charming Description of *Æneas's* Shield. You will find too he loved Statuary
Mufick,

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Musick, and Architecture ; and you may discern the same of *Ovid*, in a hundred Places. We see two Instances of his Skill in the Contest between *Pallas* and *Arachne*, and beside, how nicely he understood the Art of weaving Arras. I am reading him over, just now. He has so many beautiful Stories, that I wonder you do not take more Delight in him, than you appear to do. You love Novels ; and I never read any so beautiful as his. *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* ; *Medea* and *Jason* ; *Scylla* and *Minos* ; *Cephalus* and *Procris* ; *Ceyx* and *Alcyone* ; *Perseus* and *Andromeda* ; the Fable of *Niobe* ; *Pallas* and *Arachne* ; the *Muses* and the *Pierides* ; *Meleager* and *Atalanta*, and a Hundred more, are Stories the most exquisitely told that are any where to be found, and are withal perfect

fect Images of Nature. You may likewise discern through all how the Poet is delighted with whatever is good and virtuous, worthy and laudable; and, on the other Hand, how he detests all kind Vice of and Wickedness, nay even every Degree of Rudeness and Ill-manners.

It is clear to me that *Ovid* was not only one of the greatest Wits, and one of the best of Men, but one of the best-natured, best-humoured, and best-bred Gentlemen in the World. He wrote indeed with a Sort of Carelessness, and his unhappy Banishment hindered him to correct his admirable Poem, the *Metamorphoses*; which has ever since continued the great Fund, whence Sculptors, Painters, and Writers of Operas, and some other

other Dramatic Authors have derived their Subjects.

Adieu, my Dear!

✂ This is a Sight, which, it is true I saw once; and therefore took care never to see it a second Time.

LETTER XXV.

Oxford, Oct. 7, 1742.

My dear Nancy,

I Received your most agreeable Letter, of the 1st instant, with infinite Pleasure. Your Remarks on *Homer* are most agreeable and just; I must only observe that *Idomeneus* assisting a wounded Soldier of his own Party, and insulting an Enemy, are not at all irreconcilable. As to what you call a Slip of the Poet's Memory, I shall look into the Passage, and give you my Opinion in my next.

I heartily

I heartily agree with you in your Censure of *Homer's* making his Heroes so savage; and this brings into my Mind a Passage of *Horace*,

“*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus,*”
that is,

“*The excellent Homer sometimes nods, or is like to drop asleep.*”

In Allusion to this, the great Earl of Roscommon,* in one of his Poems, speaking of *Homer*, says,

“*His bullying Heroes and his scolding Gods,*

“*Make us suspect he sleeps, as well as nods.*”

• It is much to be lamented that this excellent Writer is not so well known as he deserves to be. His Works should be as familiar, as dear to all Men of true Taste and Principles. He shines with double Lustre; for-as-much as he was brave enough to draw his Pen in the Cause of modest Virtue, in the licentious Age of *Charles the Second*.

I have

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I have much more to say, but not Time
for it at present. I leave off unwillingly.

Je suis,

Ma très chere,

le votre,

J. P.

Je scaurois bien dire ce que dit un
Poete excellent ;

Ουδ' ου κοινεσιν Ι φοργετ αλλ Τιμε,

Αλλ Σεασθεις ανδ θειρ Χανγες πλεασε αλιξε.*

A Trial of Skill for you—Unriddle it,

* This little playful Condescension to the youthful Disposition of the Pupil, in a Man of Learning and Genius, is surely a strong Proof of the Sweetness of Mr. Preston's Temper, and the Mildness of his Heart. He still is the Instructor, though in a more familiar and engaging Stile. We may here discover, in a great Measure, how extensive an Education he proposed to give her, had he lived, since it is evident he had at this Time made her Mistress of the Greek Alphabet.

Hold

Hold ! the Question in your last remains unanswered.

Though *Juno* put on the Cestus of *Venus*, she still continued *Juno* ; and *Jupiter* did not take her for *Venus*, for she was his Daughter. But *Homer's* Poems are full of the Mythology of the Antients, that is, allegorical Stories. By the Cestus of *Venus* are implied those Charms and fine Accomplishments, which make a Woman lovely. *Juno*, in fine, laid down all her jealous Fits, her Pride, her Ill-nature, and Scolding, and put on Sweetness and Kindness, in their stead. If I remember right, the Poet also says, that she dressed after bathing, and washing all Impureness from her Person ; insinuating hereby
how

how becoming is Elegance and Cleanliness in either Man or Woman.

Encore adieu, ma chere! Je vous souffle dix Baifers.

LETTER XXVI.

Oxford, Oct. 17, 1742.

My Dear

I HAVE just now received a Letter from you not dated. I wonder the Books should have cost you so much, especially *Homer*. But I presume you do not know where they may be cheapest purchased, or the Bookseller has imposed on you—No matter. You have the Authors for your constant Amusement.

You

You have given me a very particular Account, how you have laid out the Contents of the Draught ; but that was more than I desired. I only wished to know how it had been *chiefly* bestowed, not how you had laid out every Farthing. That had been the Exaction of a hard Dealer, not the liberal Claim of a Guardian and Friend. The more prudently you lay out your Money the better for yourself, and this was all the Satisfaction I required. I think, however, you have assigned all that is disbursed to good Uses.

I shall write again soon

Adios!

J. P.

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G

LET.

LETTER XXVII.

Oxford, Oct. 18, 1742.

My dear Nancy,

THE last I wrote to you was short, and this will not be much longer, it being the fifth Letter this Day, and I am accountable for the Dispatch of as many more this Post. Pray deliver the enclosed without loss of Time.

I hope to be in Town this Week, or the next at farthest, but let not that hinder your writing to me as oft as you have Leisure. If you have Nothing to write, write me that Nothing ; for Nothing you can write will be unwelcome, and Nothing will even be welcome, if it *look*
like

like Something.* It will shew, at least, a kind Attention, and that is very valuable.

In my next I shall treat about *Homer*; and hope to have a Letter from you upon that Author; that is to say, a Continuation of your Remarks. This too I flatter myself I shall receive soon.

Give my humble Service to your Ma-
ma and Aunt, and believe me to be,
my dear Nancy,
your hearty Well-wisher
and real Friend,
J. P.

* In this Play upon a Word, Mr. Preston seems to have had the following Line of *Ovid's* Art of Love in his Mind, or, at least, is justified by it, "If there be *Nothing*, brush that *Nothing* thence."

L E T T E R XXVII.

Oxford, Oct. 24, 1742.

My dear Nancy,

I HAVE the Pleasure of yours of the 21st instant; and am exceedingly pleased to find you have executed all my Commissions with so much Address and Prudence.

You need not fear being troublesome to the Lady, your new Acquaintance, if you go at proper Times. Observe the Disposition the Family is in, and whether Business, or any other Cause, may not make your Visit unseasonable; which you'll easily discover; and in that case, let your Stay be short. Take care too
always

always to leave a due Distance of Time between your Visits. What I wrote you once before, I will write again, though it becomes almost unnecessary now. Never give yourself Airs, nor shew Affectation, nor endeavour to *shine* as it is called. Talk modestly, within the Compass of your Understanding, and if you don't court Praise, Praise will court you.

Before I enter upon *Homer*, let me observe, that you have omitted to mention the Figure *Hector* makes at the End of the Twelfth Book ; where he breaks through the Grecian Entrenchments, *like sudden Night, and with Eyes burning like Fire*, as the Poet expresses it. This is thought one of the most spirited Passages in the whole Work. It is incomparable

in the Greek, and not much short of the Original in the English.

I am sorry to tell you that I cannot see you so soon as I expected. It will not suit my Affairs to leave this Place for ten Days yet ; but be sure to write me often in that Time ; that is, as often as your other Business will allow, and let *Homer* be the Subject of your Letters. I will write you as frequently as I can, and begin upon the same Subject.

I have just now entered upon *Pope's* Preface and Essay, to see whether some of the Particulars I have remarked are not in his Observations. *Homer* will furnish us Matter enough to write about. I would rather have you send short Letters,

ters, and often, than long Letters, and seldom.

My kind Service to your Mama, Aunt, and Mrs. M——. I hope to dine with you on my Birth-day.

Adieu, my dear Life !

I am

your real Friend and Servant,

J. P.

LETTER XXIX.

Oxford, Oct. 29, 1742.

My dear Nancy,

JUST now I have the Pleasure of yours of the 28th. You mentioned a Passage in the Thirteenth Book of the *Iliad*, which was the last, on that Subject. I

G 4

am

am just now reading the Observations on the First Book. I hope to see you on Thursday Night, or Friday Morning, and when I come, we shall compare Notes. I do not mean to be guilty of a Pun here, though it sounds much like it.

I shall go to-morrow to a Gentleman's House, about twelve miles from this, where I shall stay three Days, and thence set out for London.

My intended Visit is not the Call of Business, but mere Matter of Ceremony, which you know I am not over fond of ; yet I think it a kind of Duty to comply with it. The Gentleman was here for a Week, during which Time I conversed with him frequently. He is sensible, and his Character good. He pressed me earnestly

neftly to give him my Company fome Days at his Retreat. An earnest Intreaty is a warm Compliment; and as my Peculiarity of Humour, namely a diflike to Strangers, was my ftrongeſt Objection, I held it incumbent on me, by the Rule of Politenefs, to ſubmit my own Peculiarity to his. There are many Punctilios, which we ought to give way to, as Brethren of Society, if a more important Claim does not interfere.

Give my Service to the Perſons mentioned in your Letter, and write me by next Poſt. After that, I hope to ſee you before you will have occaſion to write again.

I am, dear Nancy,

yours moſt affectionately,

J. P.

G 5

LET-

LETTER XXX.*

*Wickham, 27 Miles from London.**Nov. 11, 1742.*

My dear Life,

I WENT to Bed Yesternight, that is to say, this Morning, about two. I was wakened about Five, and in the Coach near half an Hour after Seven. We got to Uxbridge before Twelve, where we took Breakfast ; but I had wisely drank

* We here see the Tutor on his return to *Oxford*, after a short Excursion to *London* ; and it is worth while to draw a Parallel between the modern Mode of travelling and that which was practised Thirty Years ago. Here were Ten Hours consumed in getting Twenty-seven Miles, and almost two Days requisite for travelling from *London* to *Oxford*. Had our present Expedition on the Road been proposed to our Ancestors as a possible Thing, they would probably have derided it as the Dream of a Lunatic.

three Dishes of Coffee, and eaten a buttered Toast before-hand.

We arrived here before Five. We dined ; and now after finishing the enclosed Letter, I write you this, desiring you not to neglect the Enclosure. My Health is not clever, but I hope to sleep well to-night, and then I shall be right again. To Children, and Persons advanced in Life, Sleep is a Medicine for many Ills ; and surely the pleasantest of all Medicines. Did you ever read *Shakespeare's* Tragedy of *Macbeth* ? if not get it, and send me your Opinion of it. I will transcribe his Passage on Sleep, which, for the luxuriant Variety of sweet and noble Images, is scarce to be equalled.

“ *The innocent Sleep,*
 “ *Sleep that knits up the ravell’d Sleeve of Care,*
 “ *The Death of each day’s Life, sore Labour’s Bath,*
 “ *Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature’s second Course,*
 “ *Chief Nourisher in Life’s Feast.*”

What a Group of beautiful Images are here ! Nor has the great Bard assembled them merely to indulge his fine Fancy ; no, they are of a Piece with the great Action of the Scene, and answer an important moral End ; for by how much he endears to us the inestimable Blessing of Sleep, by so much he aggravates the atrocious Crime of Murder, from the Commission whereof *Macbeth* is but just returned. Observe too the first Epithet which he gives to Sleep, *innocent* ; it is very copious. It not only implies that Sleep is innocent in itself, that while we

sleep

sleep, we are free from Guilt, but that Sleep most naturally dwells with innocent and undisturbed Minds.

I have no doubt but I shall dream of you to-night for I have been dreaming of you all Day. I shall write you again on Sunday, and include a small Missive to Mr. K—, which you will deliver when you think fit. Give my humble Service to your Mama and Aunt, and believe me to be most truly

your Friend,

J. P.

LETTER VIII.

Oxford, Nov. 22, 1742.

My dear Nancy,

I Wrote to you from *Wickham*, which I hope is come to your Hand. I have little to say at present, only that I am well,
having

having arrived here safe and sound on Saturday about three o'clock.

I have enclosed a Letter to Mr. K—, which you need not deliver till you have Occasion for a Recruit of Cash. I shall endeavour to get some Franks for you. Let me know when you meet with a *Spencer* to your Mind; though I think you have so many Books already to read and consider, that you need not be over hasty.

Go on with your Observations on the *Illiad*, and write to me soon. When you sit down to write, you should be at Leisure, have a Disposition for it, have the Subject digested in your Mind, be in a chearful complying Humour, have a good Pen, good Ink, and good Paper, and
place

place yourself in an easy and convenient Posture. All these Things will make you write so as to please, and even make the Hand itself more agreeable.

My humble Service to your Mama and Aunt, and be assured that I am,
my dear Angel,
your most affectionate
and faithful Friend,
J. P.

LETTER XXXII.

Oxford, Nov. 29, 1742.

My dear Nancy,

I HAD the Pleasure of yours of the 25th, the next Day after it was written. I have very little to say at present
and

and believe I should not write at all till another Occasion, were it not for the Pleasure I take in conversing with you, and for fear you should think I forget you, which I never do.

I greatly approve your not going to Mr. K—, till you have an absolute Occasion, for that was the Purpose of giving you the Credit. You know, my dear, young as you are, I have not scrupled to acquaint you exactly what I hold in trust for you ; and it would be Folly to lavish away in Trifles what is meant for material Uses ; besides you would neither have the Satisfaction nor Advantage that I intend, if you were to misemploy your little Fortune. But I am counselling one, who wants no Advice in these Points. My
Letter

Letter of Credit is not in Force till to-morrow ; but you did not know that, and I am pleased you did not ; as in that Case, your postponing your Claim had been the Consequence of my Advice, which is now the Result of your own Prudence. Purchase the Capuchin you mention, if you have a Fancy for it, be the Price what it may. There is no Occasion for a trifling Oeconomy in Matters which are real Necessaries of Life. To retrench in Superfluities is our chief Duty, and ought to be our constant Care. Were this Point generally attended to, I believe moderate Incomes would go much farther than they do at present.

Have you made the Improvements in your Apparel, which I recommended ? Have you seen your agreeable Acquaintance ?

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tance? How does she? How do your Aunt and Mother? Tell me all that relates to you, though in the most distant Degree.

I am just now going to read a Book of the *Iliad* that I may be the better enabled to converse with you on that Subject.

Adieu, ma très chere petite Ange, et sois bien et affurement persuadée que

Je suis

votre très fidelle Ami,

J. P.

LETTER XXXIII.

Oxford, Dec. 2, 1742.

My dear Nancy,

I Should begin this Letter with *Homer*, and proceed in Form and Order, but I have so many Letters to write this Day,
that

that I dare not venture on it. I shall only mark out two or three Passages in the Fourth Book of the *Iliad*, which I have just now read, and which I think peculiarly fine.

The first is at Line 492 :

- “ *As when the fleecy Flocks un-number’d stand*
 “ *In wealthy Folds, and wait the Milker’s Hand,*
 “ *The hollow Vales incessant Bleating fills,*
 “ *The Lambs reply from all the neighb’ring Hills.*

The second is at Line 516 :

- “ *As Torrents roll, increas’d by num’rous Rills,*
 “ *With Rage impetuous down their echoing Hills,*
 “ *Rush to the Vales, and, pour’d along the Plain,*
 “ *Roar thro’ a thousand Channels to the Main ;*
 “ *The distant Shepherd trembling hears the Sound,*
 “ *So mix both Hosts, and so their Cries rebound.*

These

These are two fine Comparisons, and, at the same Time, are noble Descriptions. I the rather quote them to you, because you might possibly pass them over, without regarding them so much, as you never saw the Originals, of which these Descriptions are a Picture; but if you had seen them, as I have often done (being born and bred up all my younger Days in a very mountainous Country) you would own that nothing can be more natural or beautiful.

To understand the first Comparison rightly, it is necessary to know that when the Lambs arrive at a certain Age, they are weaned, and put in a separate Flock by themselves. The Ewes are put in Folds to be milked. That reciprocal

procal Desire which the Ewes and Lambs have to be together, makes them bleat incessantly, and, when within hearing, they regularly answer each other; those Sounds the Hills echo back, and fill the whole Valleys, or Glens (as we call them in *Scotland*) with a very agreeable Noise, even Musick is scarcely more agreeable; at least, to me.

How exceedingly fine is the Description of Discord, Line 503,

“Small at her Birth and rising every Hour,” &c.

This is very judiciously placed where the Grecians and Trojans, who were nearly reconciled, dissent again. The Colouring suits the Nature of Discord, or Strife, admirably; which often arises
from

from very small Beginnings, perhaps from a meer Trifle ; and to what a monstrous Height does it sometimes grow ! It reminds me of what Solomon says,

“ The Beginning of Strife is like the
“ letting in of Water ;”

for if we will make but a small Passage for Water to enter at, it will itself enlarge it sufficiently. We have this expressive Proverb in *Scotland*,

“ The Mother of Mischief is no greater
“ than a Midge’s Wing,”

that is, a Gnat’s Wing—intimating how small a Circumstance, how worthless and inconsiderable, may occasion much Contention and great Mischief.

The

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The Moral, on the whole is, *Avoid Strife as much as possible*, and, as the Apostle says excellently,

“Seek Peace with all Men.”

Adieu, my dearest Nancy !

I am

your faithful Friend,

J. P.

P. S. I forgot to remark to you that the Description of the Storm, and Torrents breaking down the Sides of the Hills, in the Twelfth Book of the *Æneid*, are admirably painted.

LETTER XXXIV.

Oxford, Dec. 6, 1742.

My dear Nancy,

I HAD a Letter from you by yesterday's Post, which gave me great Pleasure.

I should

I should now begin to explain to you the Nature of the *Iliad*, the *Odyſſey*, and the *Æneid* ; but I do not know if you have yet made any Progreſs in the admirable Treatiſe on Epick Poetry, by *Monſieur Boſſu*. If you have read, and marked him attentively, I could omit many Things, as needleſs, and yet write a great deal more, that you would underſtand and be pleaſed with. But this would not be proper, before you have read that compleat Treatiſe, which unfolds the whole Art and Myſtery of the Epick Poem.

Mr. *Pope*, I think, ſays, that the *Iliad* points out the Effects of Anger; the *Odyſſey* thoſe of Patience and Wiſdom. The Effects of Anger and Reſentment, are
raſh,

rash, mad, and foolish Actions, tending to Misery and Destruction. The Effects of Patience and long Suffering are well-advised Actions, terminating in the Accomplishment of our Wishes and leading to Happiness. *Horace*, who knew Mankind as well, perhaps, as any Man, who lived before or since his Time, (except some few whom we meet in the Holy Writings) says, that “He who violently hastens his Revenge, renders the very End he would attain, ineffectual.” The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are two great Examples of the Truth of this. In the former we see the Rage and Resentment of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon* frustrate the very Design, for which they came to *Troy*; to wit, the Destruction of the Town. What Miseries did they not occasion? What loss of gallant Men? And *Achilles*, who

even got the better in the Contest between him and *Agamemnon*, paid dear for it in the Loss of his beloved *Patroclus*. What though he had the Satisfaction, or rather Triumph, of killing *Hector*, (a much worthier Man than himself) yet that did not remove his Grief and Misery ; for, after that, we still find him in the Agonies of Sorrow ; so true is it, that even when our blind and mad Desires are granted, we find ourselves as far from Happiness as we were before. Again, what did the Satisfaction of killing *Hector* cost him ? In the first Place, we see he was forced to forego the savage Pleasure, he took in abusing the Body of that illustrious Chief ; in spite of his Teeth, as we say, *Jove* compelled him to forego it. He was even obliged to do honour to the Corpse.

Corpse. Furthermore we find his own Fate was attached to that of *Hector*. *Hector* told him, at his Death, “the Gods
 “would not let his Death pass unreven-
 “ged.” *Apollo* accordingly met *Achilles*
 at the *Scean* Gate, and revenged it home ;
 and, to his utter Disgrace, made him fall
 at last by a far less worthy Hand than
 that of *Hector*.

I shall take Notice of this Particular
 more at length, in some following Letter.
 All I shall add at present, is, that
 it is true we have not such Thunder and
 Lightning, so great an Eclat, such bold
 Characters, such Force, such Grandeur
 and Majesty in the *Odysssey*, as in the *Iliad* ;
 yet the *Arch-bishop* of *Cambray* observes,
 that the Antients, (at least the best Judges
 and Criticks of Antiquity) do not give

the *Iliad* the Preference. I shall not repeat what he says on that Head, but refer you to his own Words; they are in the *Dialogues des Morts*.

Adieu, my dear Nancy,

I am

your unfeigned Friend,

J. P.

LETTER XXXV.

Oxford, Dec. 12, 1742

My dear,

Yesterday's Post brought me yours of the 9th, in which your Hurry makes you leave out some Words, and misplace others; this I wish you to guard against. It is a Neglect unworthy of you.

Before

Before you proceed in the *Iliad*, I must beg you to read *Bossu*, at least some Chapters in the Beginning of his admirable Treatise. They will give you a proper Idea of the Nature and Plan of this, and every other Heroick Poem. There is also a short Discourse on Epick Poetry prefixed to the last English Translation of *Telemaque*, which is well worth your Attention; though I cannot agree with the Writer in preferring *Telemaque* to *Homer* and *Virgil*.

I do not recommend these Books, in order to make you a nice Critick, but to enable you to read such Works as the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, *Æneid*, *Paradise Lost* and *Telemachus*, with greater Pleasure and Profit.

You may add to the List, *Tasso's Jerusalem*,

which I have just finished (a fine Poem indeed, and admirably translated) and *Ramsay's Travels of Cyrus*, about which we will talk when I come to Town.

There are several other Works, some of which you have, that will be of great Service towards forming a true Idea of those noble Authors, and likewise of all other kinds of Poetry; such as *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, *Roscommon on Translated Verse*, *Horace*, *Vida*, and the *Duke of Buckingham's Art of Poetry*, *Rapin's* and *Dacier's Discourses on Eloquence and Poetry*, *Dryden's* and *Pope's Discourses*, *Pope's Art of Criticism*, the most excellent *Archbishop of Cambray's Discourse on Eloquence*, and the *Spectators on Milton*. *Congreve's Letter on Humour* is also most excellent and judi-

judicious, so are *Dr. Trapp's Discourses on Virgil*. These Writings will give you a true Notion of Tragedy, Comedy, Satire, Pastoral, Ode, Elegy, and Song, as well as of Epick Poetry ; which last indeed, together with Tragedy and Comedy, are the three great Species of Poetry.

I will now suppose that you have formed, or procured, a right Notion of the Nature of an Heroick Poem, and of the Action ; that it must be one great, intire, marvelous, but not incredible Piece ; of a just Length, instructive and entertaining ; I will presume likewise that you have a Notion of the Characters, Manners, Sentiment and Diction, and of the ornamental Aid of Figures, Episodes, Descriptions, and Similes or Comparisons,

by which those Characters and Manners are set off to Advantage.

This being all pre-supposed, let us enquire what *Homer* proposes to do in his two matchless Poems, and then examine the End and Tendency of that Proposition.

We will begin with the *Iliad*. Mr. Pope says, that the Subject of the *Iliad* is the shortest, that ever was undertaken, namely, the Anger of *Achilles*. Mr. Dryden, if I am not mistaken, says that *Virgil's* Proposition or Subject, is far preferable to the former. The one is the Anger of *Achilles*, the other is the Establishment of a noble Empire, the noblest, perhaps, that the World ever saw.

Now

Now I cannot agree altogether either with *Pope* or *Dryden* ; for, in the first Instance, it is not the Anger of *Achilles*, simply considered, that *Homer* proposes for the Business of his Poem, but the Delays, Disappointments, and Calamities, which attended the Greeks in Consequence of the Anger and Resentment of *Achilles*. This is the Plan which he lays down, and on which he promises to proceed ; and the particular Moral, that naturally arises from it, is the most proper and useful that could be offered to his Countrymen. The Grecians were composed of many little States ; it was therefore their Interest to be unanimous, and closely united, when engaged in a common Cause. How apt then was his Moral ! He wished them to learn that their Safety

consisted in their Union, and that Discord and Diffension would be their Ruin ; this was in the Course of Time, actually verified. *Philip of Macedon* overthrew and enslaved them ; and the Means he pursued to bring it about, was first by sowing Diffension among them, and dividing one State from the other. So divided, he found them an easy Conquest. The same Thing has happened a thousand Times since, not only in sovereign States and Kingdoms, but even in private Families. One of our Saviour's Tenets, is, " A Kingdom divided against itself cannot stand ;" and this is the grand Moral, which arises out of the particular Subject of the *Iliad*.

In the next Place, if we consider the Tendency of the Poem, I do not see but
it

it may be deemed of as great Consequence as that of the *Æneid*, though it may not be so speciously agreeable. The Tendency of the one is to shew by what Means, Degrees, and worthy Qualities, a mighty Empire was founded: The Tendency of the other, to point out the Misconduct, the Vices, and Follies, by which a great Undertaking was almost ruined (and indeed had been entirely so, but for an extraordinary Accident) and the whole Force of *Greece* overpowered. This last is surely as useful a Lesson as the first; and strictly justifiable in *Homer*, in-as-much as he proposed to write another Poem, wherein he was to demonstrate the great and good Effects of Virtue; for such is the Purport of the *Odysssey*.

I think it is Mr. *Addison*, who says that, beside the grand particular Moral, that arises out of an Epick Poem, or that which the Poet had chiefly in view, there are many others, which contingently result from the Fable. This is certainly true; it appears manifestly in *Homer*; and perhaps it was as much his Intention to shew these, as the great Moral above-mentioned. In my ensuing Letters I will occasionally mark out some of these, and describe what I conjecture to be the great universal Intention of the Author. At present, I fear I have tired you, so shall trouble you no more for two or three Days.

Adieu, ma très chère !

J. P.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

Oxford, Dec. 13, 1742.

My dear Nancy,

I HAVE some few Remarks to make in this Letter, on the Sixth Book of the *Iliad*, but they are very few. *Pope* has given us so many fine Observations, that little is left for any other Pen. You have also contributed to lessen what I might have had to say, by sending some of your own, which I am much pleased with.

The Speech, which *Hector* makes to his Mother, is admirable ;

Far hence be Bacchus' Gifts! (the Chief rejoin'd)
Inflaming Wine, pernicious to Mankind,
Unnerves the Limbs, and dulls the noble Mind.

Let

*Let Chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred Juice
 To sprinkle to the Gods, its better Use ;
 By me that holy Office were prophan'd,
 Ill fits it me, with human Gore distain'd,
 To the pure Skies these horrid Hands to raise,
 Or offer Heav'n's great Sire polluted Praise.*

The four last Lines are peculiarly beautiful, and conform to that Place of Holy Scripture, where *David*, being “A Man of Blood,” was not allowed by *God* to build him a Temple.

All that passes between *Hector* and his Wife is beautiful beyond Comparifon, especially his last Reply ;

*Andromache, my Soul's far better Part,
 Why with untimely Sorrows heaves thy Heart ?
 No hostile Hand can antedate my Doom,
 Till Fate condemns me to the silent Tomb.*

Fix'd

*Pix'd is the Term to all the Race of Earth,
 And such the hard Condition of our Birth.
 No Force can then resist, no Flight can save,
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
 No more—but hasten to thy Tasks at home
 There guide the Spindle, and direct the Loom;
 Me Glory summons to the martial Scene,
 The Field of Combat is the Sphere for Men.
 Where Heroes war, the foremost Place I claim,
 The first in Danger, as the first in Fame.*

Throughout the whole Work, Hector's Piety towards God, his conjugal and paternal Affection, his Love to his Country, his filial Duty, and his Resignation to the Will of Providence, are placed in a most glorious Light.

The following Comparison in the Seventh Book,

As

*As when a general Darkneſs veils the Main,
 (Soft Zephyr curling the wide watry Plain,)
 The Waves ſcarce heave, the Face of Ocean ſleeps,
 And a ſtill Horror ſaddens all the Deepſ,*

is inimitably pictureſque ; but you will ſay you never ſaw ſuch a Scene in your Life, and much of the Beauty is thereby loſt.

I will only mention one more favourite Paſſage of mine, in the Eighth Book, and ſubjoin a Tranſcript of ſome few Verſes of *Iſaiah*, which it is worth your while to compare with it.

*Full Hecatombs lay burning on the Shore,
 The Winds to Heav'n the curling Vapours bore,
 Ungrateful Off'ring to th' immortal Pow'rs!
 Whoſe Wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan Tow'rs ;
 Nor Priam, nor his Sons obtain'd their Grace,
 Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty Race.*

Iſaiah.

Isaiah, Chap. i. “To what purpose
“is the Multitude of your Sacrifices unto
“me? saith the Lord. I am full of the
“burnt Offerings of Rams, &c.”

“When ye come to appear before me,
“who hath required this at your Hands,
“to tread my Courts?”

“Bring no more vain Oblations, &c.”

“Your new Moons, and your ap-
“pointed Feasts my Soul hateth; they
“are a Trouble to me; I am weary to
“bear them.”

What a Smilitude between the Poet,
and the Prophet!

I am, my dear Nancy,

le votre,

J. P.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

Oxford, Dec. 16, 1742.

My dear Nancy,

BY yesterday's Post, I received yours of the 14th, but cannot much commend the Writing. I do not desire you to write me, when you are in so very great a Hurry ; rather put it off, till you have more Leisure.

I shall not trouble you with a long Letter of Particulars at present, but give you my Opinion of the *Iliad* in general.

Beside the great Moral thereof, there are many other Things which the Conduct of the Poem was meant to set forth.

We

We are shewn the ill Effects of unlawful Love, vain Glory, Pride, Injustice, Breach of Faith, Diffimulation, Cowardice, Covetousness, &c. for Instance, in *Paris, Agamemnon, Asius, Pandarus, Dolon*, and many others. Hence as the particular Intent of this wonderful Poem, is to shew the fatal Consequences of Disension and Anger among Princes, so the main and general Design seems calculated to point out the bad Effects of ungoverned Passions and Appetites in all Mankind; to set forth, that our giving way to them leads into Sin, that one Sin leads into another, and the whole into Misery and Punishment.

The great Moral arising from it, is,
(to give it you in the Greek)

Διὸς

Διὸς δ' ἔτελείετο Βελλή.

that is to say, “So the Counsel of the Gods was perfected, or fulfilled.” This is the very Beginning of the *Iliad*, and Mr. *Pope* has translated it,

*Such was the sov'reign Will, and such the Doom
of Jove.*

But *Homer* is much shorter, more simple, and sublime ; for Βελλή does not only signify *Will*, but *Counsel*, and *wise Determination* ; hereby teaching us that Misery is the Consequence of ill-governed Passions ; and according to the stated Nature of Things, it must be so. How agreeable is this to the Spirit of the sacred Scriptures, where it is said,

“ The

“ The Counsel of the Lord endureth
“ for ever, but the Counsel of the wicked
“ shall be brought to nought.”

I was very well pleased the other Day
when I found the above Sentence called,
in *Pope's* Notes, the *grand Moral* of the
Poem ; for, in Truth, though I had al-
ways thought so, I did not know that
any one had said it.

Adieu, my dear !

J. P.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Oxford, Dec. 17, 1742.

My dear Nancy,

I Wrote to you yesterday, and having
now a leisure Afternoon, I shall con-
tinue the same Subject.

Homer

Homer shews us there is a necessary natural Connection between giving way to our inordinate Appetites and Affections, and transgressing our Duty to God and Man; and thence a consequential Tendency to Misery and Punishment. It is in this Sense that one of the minor Prophets 'says, "Is there Evil in the City, and the Lord hath not done it?"' teaching us thereby that no Mischief or Evil befalls an impious City or People, but what happens by the wise Counsel and Will of God.

There are two Ways, whereby the great Author of the *Iliad* shews us the Connection between Misery and Sin, and between Sin and inordinate Affections. The one is, the natural Connection we
have

have before observed; the other, the immediate Vengeance of God proceeding from his Displeasure. Of these we find Instances without Number, both in *Homer* and the Holy Writings: for Example, the Plagues of *Ægypt* are such a lively Parallel, that one would almost swear *Homer* had copied from *Moses*. *Pope* and *Madame Dacier* have observed, that the Gradation of Punishments related by *Moses*, is imitated by the other; and in both, the long Suffering and Goodness of God is remarkable. In the *Iliad*, first the Dogs, then the Fowls of the Air, then the Cattle, lastly, the People themselves were smitten with the Darts of *Apollo*. In the Scripture, the Lice, the Locusts, the Flies, &c. preceded the cutting off the first-born. But

I need

I need not say more on this Head, only refer to the Passages; and indeed many other Poets, as well as *Homer*, abound with Examples of this Kind.

The next Thing to be pointed out, my dear, is, how admirably the Greek Poet has made inordinate Affections beget Offences to God, and Injuries to Man; and how naturally and clearly he has made Miseries and Punishments arise out of the former. But I will not detain you longer now, than to wish you Health and Happiness; and that you may improve these Things, not less to your Advantage, than to your Pleasure.

Adieu, my dear Nancy,

I am always yours,

J. P.

L E T.

LETTER XXXIX.

Oxford, Dec. 21, 1742.

My dear,

I Wrote you on Friday the 17th, and thought I might possibly hear from you on Sunday, but perhaps my Letter did not come Time enough to your Hand.

Mr. *Pope* has observed, that, through the *Iliad*, *Homer* has, in a Manner, made every thing done by Divine Providence. Some Deity always assists the Hero who gets the better, except *Ajax* alone. When *Hector* breaks through the Grecian Wall, and sets fire to their Ships, *Jupiter* assists him. When he is killed, *Jupiter*

has abandoned him, and *Pallas* assists *Achilles*. In a Word, in all Encounters, and in all Actions, where any Point is to be gained by Valour, Courage, or Wisdom, the supreme Power assists; in Defeat and Disappointment, that Power deserts them. How conformable still to the holy Writings, where God is said, "To put Wisdom into the Heart, to strengthen it;" and on the contrary, "To make blind, and to harden the Heart."

Virgil has often said, that such and such an Event came about by Chance, by the Vicissitude of Fortune, and by the Instability of human Affairs. Perhaps he meant the same with *Homer*, (since he has often mentioned the Fates, or Decrees of

of the Gods in very exprefs Terms) though his Meaning is not ſo clearly pointed ; but *Homer* is peculiarly ſtrict in his Expreſſions, for he always makes the Will or Counſel of the Supreme to be the Diſpoſer of every thing ; by which we may learn what worthy Sentiments he had of the true God, and that all Things muſt be regulated by his wiſe Counſel, howſoever they may appear mere Chance to us, who, by reaſon of our human Blindneſs and Weakneſs, can neither foreſee nor avoid Thouſands of Events, that fall out every Day and every Hour.

This, perhaps, you will reckon a Digreſſion, and it is ſo ; but it opens

the Way to what I shall write you in my next.

I am, my dear Nancy,
your real Friend,

J. P.

P. S. After writing the above, I have received yours, and shall answer it to-morrow or next Day.

LETTER XL.

Oxford, Dec. 22, 1742.

Dear Nancy,

HOMER's Intention, as I have observed before, is to shew us that inordinate Affections lead to Sin, and Sin to Misery. He gives us a hundred Instances

Instances to prove this, but the chief is,
The Wrath of Achilles *.

Beside the Instances themselves, the beautiful Order and natural Connection, in which he disposes them, fully illustrate his Proposition; and, from the whole Tenor of his Story, this Conclusion naturally arises, that the Counsel and wise Disposition of God is fulfilled in every thing. Mr. Pope has shewed this in his Notes on many particular Passages throughout the *Iliad*; but if we take a short View of the Fable or Story,

* The great Design and Tendency of the *Iliad* is repeatedly set forth and illustrated by Mr. Preston; yet I cannot presume it was through Inadvertency to what he had once said; it was certainly his Intention so to do, in order to make a strong and lasting Impression on his Pupil's Mind.

we shall then see it in the clearest Light.

Though the Author begins with the *Wrath of Achilles*, yet, in the Course of his Works, he takes care to shew us the Source of *all* the Miseries which he has painted in his most admirable Poem.

Paris was a Youth of royal Blood, beautiful and amorous; he sung and played; he seduced from her Husband the most beautiful Woman in the World, perhaps as amorous as himself. Her Husband, who had hospitably entertained him, resents this Usage: he asks the Assistance of his Friends, and the neighbouring States. They sail to *Troy*, de-

stroy

stroy the Country, and, at last, sit down before the Town. The Daughter to the Priest of *Apollo* was made a Captive. Her Father goes to redeem her. *Agamemnon* refuses his most just Suit, threatens and ill-treats him. The Priest complains to his God, who sends Plagues first upon the Grecian Cattle, then upon the People. The Causes hereof are enquired; the Prophet is afraid of the King, but being assured of Protection from *Achilles*, proclaims aloud the Cause of the Displeasure of Heaven. *Agamemnon* insults him. Hereupon a Contest ensues between *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, wherein they ill-treat each other. *Agamemnon* threatens to take *Achilles's* Captive, *Briseis*, from him, and actually does it; on which *Achilles* refuses to

fight for the *Grecians*. The *Trojans* obtain many Advantages by this Refusal. A Duel is proposed by *Paris*, and accepted on the Terms proposed. *Mene-laüs* is treacherously wounded. The *Trojans* refuse to restore *Helen*, or stand to the Terms agreed on; and though *Priam* was certainly of the same Opinion with *Antenor*, that she ought to be given up, yet, through Indulgence to his Son, he subscribes to a Breach of the Agreement. Hereupon Battle on Battle ensues. Both *Greeks* and *Trojans* are miserably destroyed; and consequently many Proofs are given of Courage, Wisdom, Piety, Constancy, Patience, Friendship, and Compassion, as also of Cowardice, Rashness, Brutality, Vanity, Cruelty, and almost of all Virtues and Vices. The several

Incidents

Incidents are managed with great Address. Honourable Embassies are sent to *Achilles* to return to the Service of the *Greeks*. He is inexorable till *Hector* kills his Friend. This gets the better of his Resolutions; he returns to the Fight, from a Principle of Revenge, and kills *Hector*.

Adieu.

J. P.

LETTER XLI.

Oxford, Dec. 26, 1742.

My dear,

IN my last I gave you a short Summary or Argument of the whole Fable of the *Iliad*; which is so nicely connected, one Incident or Circumstance

so naturally and orderly depending on another, that each Part serves to strengthen and illustrate the other; and the whole leads to a Demonstration of the Author's first Proposition, to wit, that the Wrath of *Achilles* occasioned many and grievous Miseries to the *Greeks*. Hence we are taught, that Strife and Dissention, as I have observed before, are the certain Ruin of any common Cause, State, Kingdom, or Family; that inordinate Affections lead to Vice; that Vice increases in its Course, insomuch that one Sin, if I may be allowed the Expression, begets another; and consequently, such Persons as give way to their Passions and Lusts, become gradually degenerate, fall from bad to worse, till they are irrecoverably plunged in Guilt and Unhappiness.

Homer

Homer shews us also, that the Wrath of God hangs over the Head of the wicked, whether a Nation, King, or private Person. God sends his Judgments upon them, withdraws his Assistance, fights against them, sends judicial Blindness and Hardness of Heart upon them, and assists their Enemies to overthrow them; who, in executing the secret Will of Heaven, are themselves, sometimes, guilty of the same Crimes he made them the Instruments to punish, and are, in their Turn, chastized.

On the other Hand, he shews how much good Men, engaged in a righteous Cause, are favoured by Heaven. The Way to obtain this Favour he points

out to be by supplicating, and serving
God, and the Return to be made by
Thankfulness and Praise.

In my next I shall illustrate all this
from the Summary of the Poet's Fable.

I am, my dear Nancy,
your affectionate Friend,

J. P.

LETTER XLII.

Oxford, Dec. 29, 1742.

My dear Nancy,

I Received your Letter written on Christ-
mas-Day, and wrote to you the Day
after that Date, but I had sealed mine
before yours came to hand, so did not
chuse to open it.

I told

I told you in my last except one, that *Homer's* Purpose in his *Iliad* is to shew us that inordinate, ungoverned, unrestrained Passions and Appetites are the Means of leading us into Sin, and consequently into Misery ; and that the Order and Connection of the Story helps to set this Position in the strongest Light. I gave you likewise a short Sketch or Argument of the *Iliad*. Now let me comment a little on it, and we shall thereby not only see *Homer's* great and accurate Judgment, but discover some very valuable Truths, on which if we will well observe, and improve, happy will it be for him or her who does it.

The Source of all this Mischief, the Destruction of *Troy*, and of the whole
royal

royal Race of that Kingdom, of infinite Woes and Miseries to their Allies, as well as to the Grecians, was *an unlawful Amour*. The Cause which *Homer* assigns, to wit, *The Wrath of Achilles against Agamemnon*, is but an intervening, not the original Cause. *The Seduction of Helen*, and Breach of Hospitality, in carrying her off during her Husband's Absence, that Husband who had entertained the Seducer kindly, who was a Person too of such Distinction, no less than a King, these, I say, were the original Source of all those Woes and Devastations.

Here we cannot but admire the Judgment of *Homer*, and the Excellency of his Fable.

Paris

Paris was a King's Son, *Helen* a Queen, two of the handsomest Persons in the known World. *Homer* would teach us herein that handsome Men and Women are subject to much greater Inconveniences of this kind, than others. Such a Man has great Advantages over the fair Sex, and such Women are more liable to Flattery, and the Danger of having their Morals spoiled by false Suggestions of intriguing Men ; who never fail, when they meet with a Woman of Virtue, to endeavour to reason her out of it, before they can hope for Success. Not half so much Pains is ordinarily taken on Women who are but homely ; and we see daily that more fine Women are ruined, than others.

Homer chose for his Purpose two Persons of such exalted Condition, so highly bred,

bred, alike possessed of some Virtues, and yet made the Crime very black for the following Reasons :

Had they been Persons of mean Degree, or abandoned Principles, they would not have made so deep an Impression on our Minds ; nor should we have had that Care or Concern, at least, not that Pity for them, which, in the present Case, we feel every now and then, to return upon us.

If *Paris* had been a downright Ruffian, and *Helen* a low dissolute Wretch, they could not have been of any Use to the Poet then, or to us now. What can be learned from two People quite sunk in Debauchery ? But these, though bad enough, had yet great Remorses ; at least

Helen ;

Helen; and *Paris* was not a Ruffian, though he was a Seducer. Now where some good Qualities are mixed with bad, where Virtue and Sin struggle together, and sometimes Honour, sometimes natural Frailty, gets the better, the Poet can shew Human-kind as it is, and place it in a very instructive Light; otherwise, he cannot.

It was absolutely necessary to make the Crime very provoking, and the Person injured of a very distinguished Character, else the Poet could not, with any due Probability, have brought all *Greece* together in Arms, to revenge the Injury. Had *Helen* been a Person of mean Degree, Kings and Princes would not have leagued together to resent her Husband's Wrongs;

Wrongs ; had the Injury been slight, it could not have borne a Quarrel ; nor could *Homer* have vindicated his Greeks, whom he is so fond of, nor the Gods themselves, had he built his beautiful Poem on a slight Event. Again, if *Paris* had been of low Extraction, whom could the Greeks fight against ? Not *Troy*—for the whole State and their Allies could not have engaged in the Defence of one who was less than a King's Son. In the one Case, *Homer* could not have had his Greeks to fight, in the other, he could not have had the Trojans to fight against. On the whole, therefore, I hope you will agree with me, that the Bard was most judicious in chusing two Persons of great Distinction, of great Beauty, and guilty of a great Crime, to be the Originals, whereon

whereon to found his excellent moral Poem.

Adieu, ma Charmante.

J. P.

LETTER XLIII.

Oxford, Jan. 25, 1742-3.

My dear,

I Have the Pleasure of yours of the 22d, and am very glad to hear you are in good Health. I presume both your Aunt and Mother are well, since you mention nothing to the contrary.

It would be very agreeable to me that you write of the *Odyssey*. Your last Letter on *Homer* was of the 14th of *December*; so that Correspondence has been long

long suspended. In my next I shall resume my Observations on the *Iliad*; but shall now contract them as much as possible, there being many Things in Mr. *Pope's* Remarks, which anticipate what I should otherwise have observed.

I did indeed expect a longer Letter from you, at least two or three short ones—a Method that I shall pursue hereafter. Nothing damps the Spirit, wherewith a Correspondence should be kept alive, so much as neglecting to write a little, because you have not Leisure for a great deal. Remember this Maxim, and pursue it.

My

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My humble Service, and believe me
to be, my dear little Angel,

Your sincere Friend,
J. P.

LETTER XLIV.

Oxon. Jan. 26, 1742-3.

My dear Nancy,

PUrfuant to my Promise of yesterday, I sit down to give you only a short Letter. I now return to *Homer*.

I would have you read over my former Observations on this Subject, when you peruse this Letter. In the tenth Year of the War between the two Nations, we have seen the *Greeks* sit down
before

before *Troy*. *Homer's* Poem begins here, and the Circumstance wherewith he opens it, is the Diffention which happens between *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*. This fatal Difference had almost ruined the *Greeks*. It arose, you remember, from *Agamemnon's* Refusal to accept Ransom for the Priest of *Apollo's* Daughter, only because he loved her better than his own Wife. He affronts the Priest, abuses and threatens the Augur *Calchas*, calling him a false Interpreter of the Will of Heaven. Hereupon a Quarrel arises between the King and *Achilles*. They insult and defy each other, till, in the End, *Agamemnon* takes from him his Captive *Briseis*.

What we have to remark on this Event is well worth Notice: we see *Agamemnon*

memnon fall into the very Crime which he came to revenge. How highly natural ! There is nothing more common in ordinary Life, than to stumble into the same Faults and Errors, for which we condemn others. How blind and partial are we to ourselves ! How quick-fighted to those around us ! Both Men and Women are equally culpable in this Respect. You remember *Congreve's Amoret*,

*She loves herself, yet others hates,
For that which in herself she prizes.*

Adieu, ma très chere !

J. P.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

Oxford, Jan. 27, 1742-3.

My dear,

THOSE human Frailties I was upon in my last, Partiality to ourselves and Uncharitableness to our Neighbour, are the Causes of more than half the Mischief that happens in the World. Hence it was, that our *Saviour* perpetually preached the Non-Resentment and Forgiveness of Offences. Nothing can so much contribute to the Peace of Mankind. To return to *Homer*.

We see this inordinate Affection in *Agamemnon* betrayed him into Passion, Rudeness, and Injustice; and these brought

brought on Misery. What Insults did he not undergo? What stinging Reproaches did he not endure? To what Grief, Shame, and Repentance, was he not exposed? In what Calamities did he not involve his Army? How was he constrained to court and sue to *Achilles*? And how were his Supplications rejected, and his Proffers scorned? Here is a natural Connection between his Crime, and the sad Effects of it.

Observe likewise, his Crime was not only punished in its own Consequences, but by the absolute Interposition of Heaven. The Plague is sent upon the *Greeks*, and Burials are heaped on Burials. This is exactly conformable to what our holy Religion teaches; namely, that one Sin naturally draws on another,

ther, and that the End and Wages of Sin, are Death or Misery. Beside this inherent Punishment, God sometimes sends immediate Vengeance. Being essentially merciful, he begins with milder Judgments; but upon Obstinacy and Impenitence he pours forth the Fullness of his Wrath. In *Pope's* Notes, you see the Conformity of the Procedure in this Plague, to that inflicted on *Pharaoh*.

It is observable, that *Agamemnon* fell into a Crime of the same Nature with that of *Paris*, but not near so heinous in Degree: the Punishments therefore were only proportionable. *Troy* was utterly destroyed, for the atrocious Crime of that People, and their obstinate Continuance in it. The *Greeks* suffered severely,

verely, but were not destroyed; for-as-much as their Crime, or Perseverance therein, was not so flagrant.

We gather also from this excellent Poem, that People are oft involved in the Vices and Punishments of their Princes. A wicked King is not only a Plague in himself to his Subjects, but, in his Sins, he calls down Judgments upon them. This is confirmed in the Scriptures, as well as in *Homer*. For instance, in the 2d Book of *Kings*, Chap. xxiv. we read,

“ Surely at the Commandment of the
 “ *Lord* came this upon *Judah*, to remove
 “ them out of his Sight, for the Sins of
 “ *Manasseh*, according to all that he did.”

“ And also for the innocent Blood
 “ that he shed, (for he filled *Jerusalem*
 “ with innocent Blood) which the *Lord*
 “ would not pardon.”

The holy Writings teach us that Children are punished for the Faults of their Parents. *Homer* shews us the same.

We often see Children unaccountably (as far as Appearance goes) involved in the Faults of their Parents, and suffering on their Account ; it appears strange, at first, but on due Reflection, we must allow there is nothing more natural, in the common Course of Things, than that the Sins of a Parent should fall heavy on a Child. There is such a Connection between them, the one is so much a

Part

Part of the other, that this Consequence can hardly be avoided ; at least, in many Instances.

The Scriptures teach us, that *God* makes one People the Instrument of his Vengeance on another, and again contrary-wise. “ *Ephraim* shall destroy *Manasseh*, “ and *Manasseh* *Ephraim* ;” and it is said to the People of *Israel*,

“ You shall be a Scourge and a Plague “ to the Heathen that are about you, “ and they shall be a Scourge to you.”

Nothing can be more natural or more just, with respect to two guilty Nations. *Homer* enforces the same ; the *Trojans* and *Greeks* are both guilty, but not

equally ; they are both punished, but not equally ; only in Proportion to the Size and Aggravation of their Crimes, and they were made reciprocally the Means of each other's Punishment. Through the whole Bible, particularly in the Prophets, and more especially in *Isaiab* and *Jeremiah*, this Doctrine is strongly inculcated.

How amazingly great then is *Homer* ! We find a Heathen, through the Strength and Justness of his own Conceptions and Sentiments, agree almost in every Point with “the Word of God.” And by the Tenor of the whole, his *grande Morale* is fully evinced ; namely,

Διὸς δ' ἔτελείετω Βαλήη.

“The Counsel of God was accomplished.”

I wish

I wish you Health and Happiness.

Believe me to be,

My dear Angel,

your

J. P.

LETTER XLVI.

Oxford, Jan. 28, 1742-3.

My dear Nancy,

I'LL let *Homer* stand still a while, and
give you a short Description of
Oxford.

On the Road from *London*, we come
first within Sight of the City, at about
two Miles Distance, on the Top of a
pretty high Hill, called *Shoot-over-Hill*.
Here we have a View of the River, with

the plain Country embanking it, and on either Hand a Range of Hills. The River below *Oxford* is called the *Thames*, but at *Oxford* there are two Rivers, that on the West is called the *Ifis*, that on East the *Cherwell*. The one comes from the North, the other, to wit, *Ifis*, from the North West. They meet at *Oxford*, which stands in the Point between them, on a little rising Ground, surrounded with Rivers and Meadows on the East, West, and South, and with fine Corn Fields on the North. Beyond those Meadows and Rivers are two Tracts of pretty high Hills, covered with Pasture, Corn, and Woods intermixed. When you come within View of the Town from *Shoot-over-Hill*, it strikes you very agreeably with a great Number of public Build-

ings, such as Churches, Colleges, Schools, the Theatre, Printing-House, Dr. Ratcliffe's Library, &c.

Just as you enter *Oxford* from *London*, you cross the *Cherwell* by a Bridge, thence ascend gradually to the Middle of the Town ; then you descend as gradually, till you come to the *Isis*, over which you pass by several Bridges. The many Canals, into which these two Rivers have been cut, have been the Occasion of so many Bridges about *Oxford*.

Their private Buildings are but ordinary ; but the great Number of public Buildings, the Squares, Avenues of Trees, the Gardens, Groves, fine Walks, and beautiful Country around, make it a

most delightful Place in Summer. The Streets, for the chief Part, are clean and dry.

This Description, though but faint, is enough to give you a Sort of Taste of the Beauties of *Oxford*. If you wish to be more particularly informed, let me know, and I will do the best I can to satisfy you. I subjoin a Sort of Sketch or Plan of *Oxford**, as well as I am able to give it. I should have told you that the two Rivers are very unlike each other; the *Cherwell* is deep, flow and muddy, with many Turnings and Windings, the Banks overgrown, consequently

* Drawn very correctly, though with his Pen only; a strong Instance of his assiduous Kindness, and probably more valuable to his Pupil, than the most accurate and beautiful Engraving.

the

the Water not easily to be come at in many Places. The *Isis* has a strait Course, runs pretty swift, the Water clear, the Bottom gravelly and firm, and the Banks smooth, clean, and disengaged from Woods or Shrubs.

Adieu, my dear Angel,

I am

yours,

J. P.

LETTER XLVII.

Oxon. Feb. 4, 1742-3,

My Dear,

I Received yours of the 1st of this Month on the Day thereafter, and in Return will endeavour to gratify your Curiosity respecting this City.

The *University* here is one of the most famous in the World: it is a Place for Education in all the liberal Sciences. For this Purpose, there are no less than seventy Colleges, and five or six Halls, where Instructors in these respective Branches reside; namely, for Divinity, Logic, Physic, Anatomy, Astronomy, Law, Rhetoric, and Languages. Each of these Colleges is a Building by itself, and many of them are very stately. Each is likewise a separate Society by itself, governed by its own Laws and Customs, under its own particular Charter; and the whole, incorporated into one great Body, is called the *University*. Hence they derive great Privileges. The City of *Oxford* is subject to them: they send Members to Parliament; and every College

lege has a particular Founder, as a King, Queen, or other distinguished Personage.

Those who have built and first settled Endowments on Colleges, are called the Founders ; those who have left Sums of Money, Lands, or Books, since their Foundation, are stiled Benefactors.

The Halls were originally Buildings belonging to some particular Colleges, though separated from them, and were erected for the Conveniency of lodging Students, when the Colleges were too much crowded ; or for the Reception of the Sons of great Men, who did not like to be confined to strict College-Hours. But now Things are altered.

Some

Some of the Halls have been turned into Colleges, and others are wholly independent of them.

You desire, perhaps, to know the Difference between these Buildings.

A College is a Body corporate within themselves, who have a Charter of their own, and can buy and sell, take and enjoy by Gift or Legacy, in their own Name. The Charter is a Grant from the King.

A Hall has one Head or Chief, in the same Manner as a College, and, like that, is also a Part of the University. It has its own Rules, Orders, and Government, but no Charter, consequently is
not

not a Body Corporate within itself. The Society possess no Lands nor Rents, nor can they take and enjoy, like a College, in their own Name. When any thing is given or bequeathed for their Use, they cannot hold it themselves, but must lodge it in the University for their Use.

There are many good Schools in *London*, but not an University. The Reason is plain. *London* is a Place of great Hurry and Business, full of Temptations and Avocations. *Oxford* is a retired Place, surrounded with Gardens, Woods, Groves, Hills, Meadows, and Rivers.

These Scenes the Muses haunt, and Phœbus loves.

at least so the Poets tell us.

Adieu,

Adieu, ma Charmante ; et foyez bien
 persuadée que je suis tant à vous que
 vous etes à moi. Faites mes Com-
 plements à Madame votre Mere et
 Tante, et M. M.

Le votre,
 J. P.

P. S. I forgot to mention to you the
 public Schools and Libraries, the fine
 Theatre, the Printing-House, and Mu-
 seum, the Place where the Rarities are
 kept. There is a Chief, or Head, in every
 College and Hall. In some he is called
 the *Master*, in others the *Principal*, in
 others the *Provost*, and in Christ Church
 he is called the *Dean*.

L E T.

LETTER XLVIII.

Oxon. Feb. 7, 1742-3.

My dear Nancy,

I TOOK Notice to you formerly, that not alone the fine Moral, and the great and important Subject of *Homer's* Poem was to be admired, but also his judicious Manner of conducting it, and the Beauty of the whole Contexture of his Fable or Story; whence it is not only pleasant as well as profitable, but from being pleasant, it makes a deeper Impression on our Memories, and we recollect it with continual Satisfaction *.

Homer

* The Writer seems admirably to have adopted this agreeable Precept in his own Practice. He catches hold of every Opportunity to throw in that
Simpli-

Homer has made use of wonderful Stratagems for this Purpose. The Enumeration of the Ships, the Names of the Commanders, the geographical Description of the several Countries they came from; the characteristic Distinction of the Leaders; the nice Plot contrived to give us an Idea even of the Make and Shape of their Persons, in bringing *Helen* to

Simplicity and Playfulness, which make Instruction most engaging. A Tribute of this Kind is paid to the Memory of Mr. *Savage*, in an elegant Latin Inscription, in the Cloister of *Westminster Abbey*. The Monument is said to be erected by the Scholars of that Foundation. From this Inscription I have taken my Motto for this Work, the Turn of it being so immediately adapted to our Tutor's Disposition. May I be forgiven, if I here subjoin the whole, and presume to add an humble Imitation of it in English, which I have been induced to attempt, merely from the Delight I have taken in the Original?

INSCRIP.

GENUINE LETTERS. 211

to describe them to old *Priam* ; the engaging of *Paris* and *Menelaus* first, then of *Ajax* and *Hector*, in single Battle ; the manifest Advantage he gives to *Menelaus*, and a sort of Advantage to *Ajax*, though not great ; the *Trojans* breaking

INSCRIPTION.

*Tu nostræ Memor usque Scholæ, dum Vita manebat,
Musa nec immemores nos finit esse tui.*

*Ipse Loci Genius te mœret Amicus Amicum,
Et Luctu Pietas nos propiore ferit.*

Nobiscum assueras docto puerafcere Lusu,

Fudit & ingenitos cruda Senecta Sales.

Chare Senex, Puer hoc te saltem Carmine donat,

Ingratum Pueri nec tibi Carmen erit.

IMITATION.

While Life remain'd, our School with heedful Eye }
Didst thou regard, and thy lov'd Memory
(So the Muse bids) with us shall never dye. }

The very Genius of the Place complains, }
As Friend for Friend laments, in mournful Strains, }
And Piety, but aggravates our Pains. }

How wouldst thou sport with us in learned Play,
And sage Advice in Wit's light Strains convey!

A Pupil gives this grateful Verse to thee,
Nor can a Pupil's Verse unwelcome be.

the

the Truce, wounding *Menelaus*, and refusing to restore *Helen*—All these serve to vindicate the Greeks, and ascribe Blame to the Trojans.

Observe that, though several of the Grecian Heroes have, now and then, the Advantage over *Hector*, yet he, in his Turn, has the Advantage over every one of them. This is, that the Poet may give the greater Honour to *Achilles*, who is the only Man designed at last to conquer *Hector*; and not even then without the Assistance of a Deity, nor till Heaven had abandoned *Hector*. We see too that *Hector*, though the best Man among all the Heroes, either Greek or Trojan, and the Man whom *Jupiter* loves for his Piety and other Virtues, was yet involved
in

in the common Calamity. He fought, 'tis true, from Love to his Country and Family, but he fought on the wrong Side. How agreeable this to the holy Scripture! There we find national Sins draw down Judgments on such particular Persons as are, no Matter by what Means, involved therein.

The Case of good old *Priam* seems to be the same with that of good old *Eli*. Though *Priam* approved not of his Son *Paris's* Crime, yet he was indulgent to him, and did not compel him to do Justice. Herein his Default was parallel to that of *Eli*, of whom the Lord says to *Samuel*,

“ I will judge his House for ever, for
 “ the Iniquity which he knoweth; be-
 “ cause

“ cause his Sons made themselves vile,

“ and he restrained them not. *Sam. B. I.*

“ *C. i. Ver. 13.*”

It is worth your while to read this whole Chapter and that preceding it.

In Mr. *Pope's* Notes you will read the several Instances of *Homer's* Judgment in the whole Conduct of his Story, so I need not repeat them. I shall mention only two.

You know it is a Proof of great Judgment in a Poet, to suit every Circumstance with Propriety, and to make his Personages act in Character. There is an Instance of the former, when *Homer*, to relieve us from the Fury of a Battle,
brings

brings in his Heroes in a sort of Parley, as that between *Glaucus* and *Diomede*, to which I refer you. Another Instance is in his fit Disposal of Time, as Mr. *Pope* has observed, in that busy Night, which preceded *Hector's* breaking in upon the Grecian Intrenchments.

To illustrate his Persons acting up to Character, consider the Care and Concern *Nestor* is in, when the Embassy is sent to *Achilles*. You know the Embassadors were *Ulysses*, *Phœnix*, and *Ajax*. Observe their different Characters, their different Modes of Behaviour; the different Impressions their Speeches made on *Achilles*, and the different Treatment he gave them. Again, observe the different Demeanour of the Grecian Heroes

roes on that melancholy Night, when
(as the Poet expresses it)

*Hector's Approach in ev'ry Wind they hear,
And Hector's Fury ev'ry Moment fear.*

All this is worthy to be remarked
with the utmost Care. It is admirably
fine, and proves to what a great De-
gree *Homer* has kept up to what the
Critics call MORES, the MANNERS.

I am,

my dearest,

yours,

J. P.

By way of Postscript to my Let-
ter of this Day, I shall add a few
Lines.

You

You see, through the whole *Iliad*, that the Gods always refused the Prayers and Supplications of wicked Men, especially those who continued in their wicked Courses. I need not quote Examples. We see the same verified in many Passages of the Scripture, and it is confirmed by no less an Author than *Our Saviour*.

“ Not every one that saith unto me,
 “ Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the
 “ Will of my Father that is in Hea-
 “ ven.”

The great Moral of the *Iliad* was confirmed by the sad Experience of After-times; and one would almost think that *Homer* had foreseen for *Philip* of

Macedon, as well as the Kings of *Syria* and *Persia*. The Romans, after taking Advantage of the Diffensions that arose among the Greeks, or of those they sowed among them, themselves fell a Prey to other Nations at last ; and this will certainly happen to be the Case of the *United Provinces* one Time or other, unless they continue to be more wise and virtuous than any States ever were, united in the same Manner as they are.

Now, my dear, I should be glad you would let me know what you next wish to converse about in this Manner. As I read *Homer* through, I shall hint to you such particular Beauties as I occasionally meet.

You

You do not tell me whether or no you have the little Essay on Epic Poetry before your *Telemaque*. Be sure to write me what you like best in the *Odysssey*, as you read it; but don't confine yourself to that, and read it only when you please. To relish what we read, and profit by it, we should sit down to it with an Inclination.

Adieu, ma très chere Nannette, et foyez persuadée que je vous aime tant que j'aime mes yeux.

J. P.

LETTER XLIX.

Oxon. Feb. 10, 1742-3.

My dear Nancy,

I DARE say you are beginning to be weary of *Homer*, as well as you love him, and of the many Observations we have made, therefore we will drop him after this and my next Letter—at least for some Time, and find another Subject for our epistolary Conversation.

In the mean Time, please to observe that when *Achilles* was reconciled to *Agamemnon*, it was not either that his Anger was abated, or that the Love of his Country or his Countrymen got the better

ter of it, but another Piece of Resentment and Desire of Revenge got the better of the former, as it was incompatible with the other. And this new Resentment of his was still more furious than the first, and much more unreasonable ; for certainly *Hector* was in the right to kill *Patroclus* ; and though *Achilles* might lament the Death of his Friend, yet there was no Reason for his exercising such a brutal Passion against a fair Enemy.

You will find this very agreeable to the Accounts we have in the Holy Scriptures of the Dispensations of God, who makes every thing, even the Sins and Follies of People, contribute to advance and bring about the Completion of his

facred Purpofes and Will. It ftill ferves too to illuftrate his *grande Morale*, which he never lofes Sight of,

ΔΙΟΣ ὃ' ΕΤΕΛΕΙΕΤΟ ΒΕΛΗ.

The Jews, when they cried out againft our Saviour, *Crucify him, crucify him*, little dreamed that they were forwarding the Salvation of Mankind ; nor had *Judas* any fuch Defign when he betrayed him ; neither did the High Prieft know the grand Import of his own Words, when he faid, “ It was expedient for “ one Man to die for the People.”

Thus Providence punifhed the Greeks by the Fiercenefs of *Achilles* ; and by that very Fiercenefs faved them, when reconciled to them. Many are the Inftances

stances of this Kind in the sacred Writings. *David* says,

“ The Wrath of Man shall turn to
 “ thy Praise, and the Residue thereof thou
 “ shalt restrain.”

Another Thing very well worth observing, and which is still a great Proof and Illustration of the Truth of the above Moral, is this: *Homer* never brings any great Event to bear, any fortunate Act to be performed, or noble Virtue exercised, without the Assistance of a divine Power. When his Heroes fail, it is because the *Gods* have forsaken them. Do they succeed? It is because the *Gods* are with them. Do they act prudently? The *Gods* inspire them. Do they act foolishly?

The *Gods* blind them. But then it is as observable, that this is the Result of their own Conduct and Principles. There is a Something in their Minds which renders them either dear or detestable to the Deities. "This is agreeable to the whole Tenour of the Old Testament, as you may read in an hundred Instances of the Kings of *Israel*, *Juda*, *Syria*, &c. &c.

Lastly, you see the Means of acquiring the Favour of the Supreme was, next to a virtuous Life, bespeaking him by Prayer. This is the Practice of all *Homer's* great Men ; and the Success of their Undertakings was always accompanied with Sacrifices of Praise and Thanksgiving. This was understood to be

be an indispensable Return of Duty and Gratitude to the Gods. When *Hector* escapes safe from *Diomedes*, the latter cries out,

*Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit Breath,
Well by Apollo are thy Pray'rs repaid.*

And *Jupiter* says, in more Places than one, when speaking in *Hector's* Favour, "That
" he had offered many Sacrifices to the
" Deities."

Thus as these Heroes imputed the Escape of their Enemies to some God, so when they expressed their Hopes of getting the better of them, they are frequently accustomed to say, "If such or
" such a God assist me." Herein they conformed to the Phrase in Scripture;
" They did not put their Trust in their

“own Swords or Bows.” *Virgil* has given us an Instance of an Hero, ’tis true, who did put his Trust in his own Strength. I mean *Mezentius*. “My own right Hand (says he) is my God, and the Dart I am going to throw.” But *Virgil* took Care beforehand to represent him a most impious Wretch, and a Tyrant, and makes his End suitable to his bad Character.

Now, my dear, fearing I have sufficiently tired you, I will add no more, but that I am

your faithful

and most affectionate Friend,

J. P.

LET-

LETTER L.

Oxon. Feb. 11, 1742-3.

THIS subsequent Letter may more properly be stiled a Postscript to to the foregoing; wherein I forgot to observe to you, that when the Purpose of Heaven was fulfilled by the Resentment of *Achilles* against *Hector*, the former was checked in his Career before the half of his Resentment was satisfied. He had doomed the Body of *Hector* to be without Burial and funeral Honours; to be left a Prey to Dogs and Vultures; but *Jove* and the other Gods would not permit that. *Hector* was dear to them on Account of his Piety. *Jove* would

have him buried honourably, and *Achilles* was obliged to let go his Hold. Herein the Residue of his Wrath was restrained, Heaven having no further Use for it; and herein also is verified another Passage in Scripture,

“Precious in the Sight of the Lord
“is the Death of his Saints.” *Pf. cxvi.*
Ver. 15.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

ever yours,

J. P.

LET

LETTER LI.

Oxon. Feb. 12, 1742-3.

My dear,

I SAID, in a former Letter, that I had done with *Homer*, but I find I have not.

In order to make his Morals, or the Application of his Doctrine, relish better, he has beautifully diversified his Story. He has introduced many Episodes that are very delightful: for Example, that which *Glaucus* tells to *Diomedes*, that which *Phœnix* tells to *Achilles*, that which *Nestor* relates, and many others. Observe too, they are always told in a proper

proper Place, and always recommend some Virtue, or arraign some Vice.

Many of his Episodes and other Stories have also the same Tendency with the great Design ; that is to say, to shew the ill Effects of Division, Resentment, and obstinate Revenge, particularly that of *Phœnix* to *Achilles* ; or to shew us that inordinate Lusts, Affections, or Appetites, lead to Sin and Misery ; or to illustrate the *grande Morale*, “ That God’s “ Will must be accomplished, and his “ Counsel must stand.” And by continually mixing these Stories in his Work, he calls up our Attention to the great Purpose of it.

Besides this great Purpose, he gives us occasional Precepts ; Instances of what
is

is fit, decent, prudent, and of their Contraries. He sets before our Eyes many beautiful and useful Things in Nature, as of the Heavens, the Earth, rural Labours, Winter, Summer, Harvest, Rocks, Mountains, Rivers, Seas, &c. as likewise of artificial Things, namely, of War, Peace, Commerce, &c. But I refer you to what Mr. *Pope* has said hereon.

The last Thing that I shall desire you to observe, is this. Though the main Design of the *Iliad* is to shew us that Misery flows from Sin, and Sin from unbridled Appetites, yet he therein presents us with many Instances of Happiness and Success flowing from doing our Duty ; and contrary-wise in the *Odyssy*,
 though

though the main Tendency of that Poem be to shew that Happiness flows from a Discharge of our Duty to God and Man, (which is the Consequence of subduing our Passions) yet he mixes, in the Course of his Story, frequent Instances of Misery arising out of Sin.

To conclude—I fancy to myself that I see *Homer*, like a most renowned old Philosopher, or one of the ancient Prophets, preaching to his Countrymen in this Manner—“ Learn, O my Countrymen, that all Unhappiness proceeds from Sin, and Sin proceeds from inordinate Affections. Learn that all Happiness proceeds from Virtue, and Virtue from hearkening to the Dictates of Reason; that in the one Case God will assist you,

in

in the other, desert you. To obtain his Assistance, you must depend on him ; you must ascribe all to him that you do well ; you must apply to him by fervent Prayer ; and not that alone, but you must leave Vice and embrace Virtue, otherwise God will not hearken to you, though you make many Prayers ; and when he blesses and assists you, you must render him the Sacrifice of Praise and Thanksgiving."

"To confirm the first of these my Doctrines, I will tell you a Story of the Wrath of *Achilles*, and the Quarrel that happened between him and *Agamemnon*, supreme Leader of the Grecians, at the Siege of Troy ; which, besides confirming my first Doctrine, will plainly prove
that

that Divisions and Diffensions among People united in a common Cause and Interest, though they may consist of many little independent States and Sovereignities, must probably be the Ruin of them all. This may be the Case of Greece; and you may be swallowed up by some great Prince or other, if Divisions be raised and encouraged among you."

"To prove my second Doctrine, to wit, that bridling your Passions, acting with Patience, Prudence, and Piety, and consequently having God to favour you, will lead you to Success through the greatest Difficulties, I will tell you a Story of the Travels of *Ulysses*. And from both you may derive this important Truth; namely, that every thing whatsoever is ordered,

dered,

dered, disposed, governed, conducted, and established, by the all-wise, all-powerful, and immutably-certain Will of God, and must be brought to the Period that he has set and determined.”

If you have *Creech's Horace* at Hand, read the second Epistle of his first Book of Epistles. It is inscribed to *Lollius*. You will see there in what View he considers these two Poems.

Adieu.

J. P.

LETTER LII.

Oxon. Feb. 18, 1742-3.

My dear Nancy,

I AM highly gratified in seeing you take so much Delight in the *Iliad*; particularly in the moral Doctrine inculcated throughout that excellent Poem.

By

By the Earnestness wherewith you desire me still to continue my Remarks, it should seem as if you conceived there were no other Author fit to be the Subject of our epistolary Correspondence. There are many more. Some you have ever at Hand. If you would now and then read the Proverbs of *Solomon*, *Ecclesiastes*, the Wisdom of *Solomon*, and of *Jesus* the Son of *Sirach*, with the Archbishop of *Cambray's* Dialogues, Fables, and Lives of the Philosophers, they could not miss to furnish you with Abundance of Reflections, equally proper for Writing and Conversation; and this they would do without its being necessary that you should comment on every Passage you read there, or write down every Reflection that presents itself; only such

as

as most strongly and naturally affect you.

I am pleased with your Observations on many of *Homer's* Beauties. I have gone through the Author, as I have examined them. These added to those of Mr. *Pope*, who has been so copiously excellent, leave very little for me to say; but I will oblige you wherever I can. Nothing has occurred to me till now, with the 9th Book open before me. It would be endless to point out every Passage I think excellent; I shall only confine myself to such as I fancy will admit some particular Remark or Illustration.

The Complaint against *Jove*, at Line 25, is what Mankind in general is too
guilty

guilty of. We lay to the Charge of God what is our own Fault. *Jeremiah* seems to have been exactly in this Predicament, when he says, “Why art thou to me as a Lyar? &c.”

At Verse 47, *Diomede* says to *Agamemnon*,

*Thou first, and thou alone, in Fields of Fight,
Durst brand my Courage, and defame my Might.*

He recollects the Reproach cast on him in a former Book, though at that Time he made no Reply to it. Hence we learn *to take Care what we say*; for though we may fancy an Expression forgot, it may return, and be of bad Consequence, when we least expect it.

Verse

Verse 225, *Nestor* says,

*Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands,
Pray in deep Silence and with purest Hands.*

This is agreeable to what our Saviour recommends, “When thou prayest, enter into thy Closet, &c.” and *David* says, “I will wash my Hands in Innocency, and so will I compass thine Altars, O Lord.”

In the Beginning of Book the tenth, observe with how much Propriety *Agamemnon* is employed, then *Menelaus*, *Diomedes*, *Nestor*, and *Ulysses*. The Wisdom of *Diomedes* in chusing *Ulysses* for his Companion, together with the whole Transaction of that Night, point out the

the great Use of taking Advice and Assistance in an arduous Enterprize.

Adieu.

J. P.

LETTER LIH.

Oxon. Feb. 23, 1742-3.

NEptune's Progreſs to aſſiſt the Greeks, in Book the Thirteenth, is admirably deſcribed; and Mr. *Pope* has ſhewn us the Affinity between that and a Paſſage in the fixty-eighth Pſalm, but there are many other Places in the holy Writings wherewith it may be compared. It would be endleſs to enumerate them: they will occur to you in your Peruſal of that ſacred Volume, which is abſurdly given as a Taſk-Book

to

to Children indiscriminately of all Capacities, when it is an Exercise for the most adult and experienced Understanding*.

If I may be excused for saying it, I think there are some few Faults in Mr. Pope's Translation and Notes in these two Books. In Book xiii. Verse 890,

His troops unpractis'd in the Fights of Stand,

is surely a strange Expression.

* What Mr. Preston says here is surely no Contradiction to his having recommended the *Bible* to his Pupil, though so early as at 10 Years of Age. Be it observed that, by his excellent Instructions, she had then read other Authors, and was more than capable of digesting what he proposed, namely, the *Proverbs*, *Ecclesiasticus*, &c. He only objected to the absurd Custom practis'd then, as at this Day, of suffering Children *to learn to read* from the Bible; whence they too often contract a Distaste to the most edifying and important Volume that can, in the Process of their Lives, be laid before them.

Mr. Pope's Note on *Hector's* Reproach
to *Paris*, Verse 964,

Ill-fated Paris, Slave to Womankind, &c.

is not accompanied with his usual Judgment. *Hector* indeed is bold and impatient—so far he may resemble *Achilles*, but he is neither violent nor unjust. Though he was impetuous, yet we see, through the whole Book, that he was manageable. *Achilles* never was; and had not *Hector* Cause, during the Course of the War, to be highly offended at *Paris*?

Book xiv. Verse 290.

Great Jove awaking, shook the blest Abodes

With rising Wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods.

The latter Part of this Translation I could wish not quite so *low*; though it is pretty near the Original, which actually

tually signifies *throwing the Gods about*,
&c. It reminds me of an Expression in
Lee's Oedipus,

Gods meet Gods, and jostle in the dark.

I shall write you again on Friday.
Je suis, avec mes Complements, où ils
sont dues, le votre,

J. P.

LETTER LIV.

Oxon. Feb. 25, 1742-3.

My Dear,

I HAVE now re-perused the 15th and
16th Books of the *Iliad*. Your own
Observations on these are remarkably
good; therefore I have very little to
say.

In Verse 86. Book xv. the Swiftneſs
of a God compared to that of the Thought
of Man, is inimitably beautiful. Mr.

Pope has justly remarked it, but a much inferior Genius could not have overlooked it.

In Verse 428, we find *Nestor* placing the Confidence of his Prayer in his Piety towards the Gods, which confirms one of *Homer's* great moral Rules, and which I have touched upon in a former Letter.

Book xvi. Verse 9. This Simile is extremely striking. Literally rendered from the Greek it would run thus,

“No Child that runs after its Mother,
 “and holds her fast by the Robe, and
 “hinders her from proceeding, and
 “looks up in her Face, weeping to
 “make her take it in her Arms, &c.”
 You

You cannot imagine how beautiful it is in the Original.

In Verse 40. *Homer* now makes the same Implication in the Person of *Patroclus*, that he did formerly in the Person of *Phænix*; namely, the Obstinacy of *Achilles*, and the ill Consequences thereof. This is an Epitome of the whole Scope of the Poem, which, as *Mr. Pope* remarks, *Homer* every now and then introduces, to fix our Attention to his great Design.

In my preceding Letter I endeavoured to distinguish the Disposition of *Hector* from that of *Achilles*. In Verse 122. we have a strong Instance of the savage Temper of the latter. How unlike the pious *Hector*!

246 GENUINE LETTERS.

Verse 837. This Description of *Patroclus*, besides being admirably beautiful, conveys an excellent Moral.

I have just received yours, but have not yet had Time to read it all. Adieu, jusqu'à Dimanche.

I am

your affectionate

J. P.

LETTER LV.

Oxon. Feb. 27, 1742-3.

My dear Nancy,

SINCE I wrote you last, which was on Friday, I have perused two Books more of the *Iliad*, accompanied with your Observations.

The

The Conflict at Verse 418. Book xvii. about the Body of *Patroclus* is wonderfully fine. How naturally is it compared to Fires, that rise and sink by Turns! *Homer* seems fond of the Image himself, for he repeats it in Book xviii. Indeed the whole Struggle, from the Time *Patroclus* was killed, till *Achilles* appeared, is most admirably described.

Book xviii. Verse 7.

*Pensive he sate; for all that Fate design'd
Rose in sad Prospect to his boding Mind.*

This Picture of *Achilles* is most affectingly fine. But here I will presume to say we may prove Mr. *Pope* to have been wrong in his Remark on a former Book, where he avers, “It was Jealousy of his

Honour, that made *Achilles* lay his Commands on *Patroclus* not to fight with *Hector*." We see here that he immediately imagines him to have been slain; whence it appears more probable, that his warning him to shun *Hector's* Force, was from Apprehension of the Consequences, not Jealousy of the Motive.

Verse 547. Here are four admirable Lines. The Description of the Shield is admirable throughout. What Mr. *Pope* himself has said about it, and what he has quoted from others, will, in great Measure, give you a true Taste of Sculpture and Painting, and deserves to be read often.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

yours truly,

J. P.

L E T-

LETTER LVI.

Oxon. Feb. 7, 1742-3.

My Dear,

I HAVE now gone through another Book of *Homer*, and made the following Remarks.

Book xix. Verse 57. *Achilles* confirms the Observation I formerly made; namely, that it was not the Love of his Country, but a new Resentment, that incited him; and though he preaches here against Resentment and obstinate Fury, yet it is obstinate Fury which here possesses him, and actually makes him preach against it.

Verse 81. *Agamemnon* in his Speech confirms your Observation, laying the Blame of his Folly on Fate, and the Gods, and thinks thereby to clear himself of the Imputation. I think the Story he tells here, though to the Purpose, might have been spared. Mr. *Pope* observes very justly, that *Homer* always regards due Decorum. He makes *Achilles* rise, but *Agamemnon* sit still.

Verse 281. Here *Achilles* imputes the Blame of his own Folly to *Jove*, as *Agamemnon* did before; and herein, as in other Instances, it may be said that *Homer* means to remind us of the great Tendency of his Poem; for he tells us, it was the high Will of *Jove* that doomed their Strife, and doomed the Greeks to fall.

Book

Book xx. Verse 335. I think what *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* has said in this Note is very reasonable, and as strong as any thing *Mr. Pope* has said against it. How the Fact really was is hard to know at this Distance of Time.

I shall finish what I have to say on the *Iliad* in two more Letters, I believe, and hope to conclude this Week.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

M 6 L E T.

LETTER LVII.

Oxon. March 2, 1742-3.

AT the Beginning of Book the Twenty-first, the Description of the Flood endeavouring to drown *Achilles* is the Produce of a vast Imagination. The Comparifon at Verfe 14, is admirable, as is alfo the Conflagration, and the Effect it had on the Fifhes.

But, with Submiffion, I think all the Scuffle between *Juno* and *Diana*, Verfe 558, very ridiculous.

Verfe 608. This Comparifon, and the Note upon it, proves, what I have often
 observed,

observed, a Conformity between *Homer* and our Holy Scripture.

Book xxii. Verse 221. A further Confirmation how dear are pious Men to God.

Verse 278. Read the Notes here. Methinks Mr. *Pope* or *Eustathius* overacts the Defence of *Homer* in this Place *. They explain the supernatural Assurances which *Achilles* receives, into Allegory; yet affirm the like, when shewn to *Hector*, to be real, merely to favour, or rather to aggrandize the Valour of *Ajax* and *Achilles*.

* The Note here entirely belongs to *Eustathius*; *Pope* is not actually, only negatively, involved in it, merely by not having contradicted what was asserted by the other.

Verse

Verse 628. Here is surely one of the most beautiful Passages in the whole *Iliad*; and what *Andromache* observes and complains of, we find verified to this Day. It ever has, and will be so.

The Lamentations of *Priam*, *Hecuba*, and *Andromache*, in this Book, and those of *Hecuba*, *Helen*, and *Andromache*, in the last, are all different; they arise from different Motives, and each Person utters what immediately belongs to his or her Character and Circumstances; a further Proof how judiciously *Homer* has preserved the *Manners* throughout his Poem. It is again evinced in Book xxiii. Verse 41. The Behaviour of *Achilles* in this Place how very consistent! The Appearance of the Ghost of *Patroclus*, and all that passes, is extremely fine.

In

In the Detail of Prizes given to the Racers, at the funeral Games, observe the following Lines ;

*A Woman for the first, in Beauty's Bloom,
Skill'd in the Needle and the lab'ring Loom.*

Do they not imply, with many other Passages in this Poem, 'that Women, how beautiful soever, are not prized, without some useful and laudable Qualification ?

Verse 369. Here we have a beautiful Picture of an old Man instructing his Son how to win the Prize ; and we also discern with what an extensive Genius Homer was blessed ; for the Rules that Nestor gave, being universally useful, are as much in Force now as they were then.

The

The Observation on Line 817, by Madame *Dacier*, and *Pope's* subjoined Sneer, are, in my Opinion, equally non-sensical.

The Note on Verse 973, beginning at these Words, "But also his Design
" might be to compliment the Greeks,
" &c." is by no Means just, and even contradicts what the Author has often said of *Ajax*.

To return to the very first Note on this Book, I cannot concur with Mr. *Pope's* Opinion in Defence of *Homer's* Conduct, in carrying on his Work for two Books after the Death of *Hector*. He urges that *Homer's* Undertaking was to describe the Anger of *Achilles*, and as that

Anger

Anger did not die with *Hector*, but persecuted even his Remains, so the Poet still keeps up to his Subject. But Mr. *Pope*, with Deference I speak it, is mistaken; it is not simply the Anger of *Achilles*, that is *Homer's* Subject, but that particular Anger and Resentment which was so destructive to *Greece*, and took Birth from his Diffension with *Agamemnon*. This Subject, after the Death of *Hector*, is entirely exhausted, and the Revenge then pursued is of a different Nature from the *Wrath* which *Homer* undertook to sing; for instead of being destructive, it then becomes advantageous to the Greeks.

In my next I shall give you my Opinion of the Reasons which induced the
 Author

Author to protract his Work beyond the Death of *Hector*. I thought to have done it here, and so have finished this Subject of our Letters, but the Assizes are now held in this City. Some Gentlemen from London engage my Time, and an Account I have just received of the Duke of *Hamilton's* Death unnerves my Spirits.

Your last is come to Hand; the Matter and Hand-writing please me infinitely.

Adieu, my dearest. I will write again on Sunday.

Yours truly,

J. P.

L E T-

LETTER LVIII.

Oxford, March 5, 1742-3.

Dear Nancy,

I HAVE now read the *Iliad* to an End,
and have but few Remarks to make
on the two last Books.

Book xxiii. Verse 41.

*The huge Ox bellowing falls ; with feebler Cries
Expires the Goat ; the Sheep in Silence dies.*

These two Lines are a just Picture of
the Nature of the respective Animals.
How characteristically affecting is the last
to a tender Mind !

Ver. 120. Here are eight fine Lines, and
they shew us what was the Creed at that
Time.

Time. The last, I think, much exceeds the Original.

These two Notes escaped me when I wrote last, as many other Things do ; and indeed Mr. *Pope's* Excellence in Criticism has left very little in the Power of any succeeding Commentator. I seldom repeat to you what he has said, unless I think it so remarkable as to deserve your peculiar Attention.

I now proceed to the twenty-fourth Book, and shall consequently very soon put an End to this Subject, which has entertained us so long.

Verse 5. This Description of *Achilles's* Lamentation is admirable, though the
Lines

Lines 17 and 18, are not, in my Judgment, so full and so expressive as in the Original, which is as follows, if literally rendered :

“ Sometimes he lay on his Side, some-
 “ times he turned quickly on his Back,
 “ then he lay prone on his Face, and
 “ then he stood strait up on his Feet.”

Verse 291. This is an exceeding natural Picture of a Person, particularly one in Years, overwhelmed with Grief. Mr. *Pope's* Note is most judicious, and well worthy Attention. There is nothing more common than for a Parent, in the first Transports of Affliction, to prefer a Child that is dead, to all who remain alive.

I have

I have done now with particular Remarks ; and though we have dwelt on this Subject so long, I yet feel a Desire to communicate my general Sentiments, I mean my Opinion of *Homer's* continuing his Poem beyond the Reconciliation of *Achilles* with *Agamemnon*. Perhaps I may not express myself so well as to be understood, or my Arguments may appear too subtle ; not solid enough. Be that as it may, I shall expect an impartial Account of your Sense of them, and what your Sentiments really and unreservedly are on the same Point.

But this in my next, and then adieu,
Homer !

I am,

my dear Angel,

your faithful Friend,

J. P.

L E T-

LETTER LIX.

Oxon. March 6, 1742-3,

My dear Nancy,

IN these my general Sentiments on our great Bard, I must be very frank, and the rather to induce you to be so in your Answer. I profess myself of a different Opinion from Mr. *Pope*, concerning the Reasons which induced *Homer* to carry on his Work beyond the Death of *Hector*. I am apt to think the true Reason was, that the Poet had many more beautiful Things to say, which he was unwilling should be lost; and truly I am glad they were not. But then the Question is, whether he has done
judi-

judiciously in protracting the Work, rather than to close it with the Death of *Hector*, as *Virgil* has finished the *Æneid* with that of *Turnus*.

To form a right Judgment hereon, we should consider the Subjects of the respective Poems; that is, what those two great Poets proposed by them.

The Subject of the *Æneid* is the Achievements as well as Sufferings of *Æneas*, till he brought about a Settlement in a new Kingdom, for himself, his Family, and the People in *Italy*. To the Accomplishment of all this there was no Obstruction but the Rivalship of *Turnus*; consequently, on his Death, all
is

is compleated. There was no need to carry the Work further; though one *Mafshæus* has added a thirteenth Book, wherein *Æneas* is married to *Lavinia*. But this is superfluous. The great Obstacle being removed, the Poet leaves us to imagine all the rest. What he had proposed was entirely fulfilled; to wit, all the Sufferings his Hero had to undergo with Seas and Winds, with Men and Gods, and all the cross Accidents he had to wrestle with, and bravely subdue by his Patience or Exploits. But it is not so in the *Iliad*. The Poet there proposes to sing the fatal *Consequences* of the Resentment of *Achilles*. It was therefore very justifiable in him to carry on his Work beyond the Time that Resentment lasted. If it ought to have ended

with that, there was no Need to make him kill *Hector*; for that Event fell without the Period of his Resentment to *Agamemnon*, which is the Ground-work of his Poem. But the Poet certainly designed to shew not only the sad Disasters that befel the *Greeks* through the Resentment of *Achilles*, but to give still a stronger Impression of the bad Effects of Diffension among Chiefs, as well as other Persons, whose Interests are united. He paints the great Change of the Grecian Affairs for the better, on his Reconciliation with the Leader of the *Greeks*. The Ships are saved, *Hector* is killed, the *Trojans* are repulsed, and driven within their Town. What follows, namely, the dragging the Coarse of *Hector* round *Troy*, the Grief and Behaviour of *Achilles* on

the

the Loss of *Patroclus*, the Institution of the *Games* at his Funeral, all this is in order to compleat the Character of his Hero; to shew us his Virtues as well as his Vices. He makes him an extraordinary Person both Ways; and yet of vast, nay of absolute Importance to the successful Issue of the War. He has probably given him this mixed Character, as a Lesson how Princes and Rulers ought to manage Persons of great Importance, who have strong Qualities, both good and bad; so that they may turn the former to their Advantage, and, by a cautionary Prudence, divert any bad Effects from the latter.

To point out the Importance of *Achilles* still stronger, it was necessary to set

forth that of *Hector*. Though this is done throughout the whole Work, while *Hector* lived, it is not sufficient. The Poet does not stop there. The Circumstances of his Death, the Lamentations of his Father, Mother, Wife, Sister, *Helen*, and the whole People, the Behaviour of the *Grecians*, and indeed *Achilles*'s own Speech, after he had killed him, render him still more important, than all that had been said or described of him before.

Add hereunto the Approbation in which he was held by *Jupiter*, *Apollo*, *Mercury*, and almost all the Gods; their Resentment at *Achilles* on his Account; their compelling the Body to be delivered up to honourable Burial, and *Achilles* himself lifting it on the Bier.

I am

I am apt to think that Piety, which *Homer* has all along recommended, was the great Lesson he proposed to inculcate, by this last Book. The Praises of *Hector* for his Piety occur so thick, and the Concern of the Gods for his Death is so strongly painted, that one would be tempted to believe *Hector* was as much his Hero as *Achilles*, only of another Kind; and though the Poet condemns the Cause he was concerned in, and makes him suffer for it, yet he seems to be more in Love with him, than with his professed Hero. He does ample Justice to his Virtues, and seems to make him, much rather than *Achilles*, a Pattern for Imitation.

Remember you are to send me your free Opinion on all I have said. I don't desire you to write very long Letters. Write two or three short ones at different Times, and then put them all under one Cover.

I am,

my dear Nancy,

yours,

J. P.

LETTER LX.

Oxon. March 17, 1742-3.

Dear Nancy,

I Received your Favour of the 14th, but have not yet laid in Provision for a Letter on the *Odyssey*. I have at last

read

read the two Plays you desired me, *Sir Fopling Flutter* and *Sir Courtly Nice*.

The Man of Mode, or *Sir Fopling Flutter*, was first written. The Author was a high-bred Gentleman; his Characters are well drawn; the Dialogue is easy, natural, and genteel; there is a great deal of Wit and good Sense in the Conversation among the principal Characters, especially between *Dorimant* and *Loveit*, and between the same Gentleman and *Harriet*. *Old Bellair* is very entertaining; he is good-natured, pleasant, open, and sincere: in a Word, he is a downright Country Gentleman, of the best Sort.

If I mistake not, the *Spectator*, long ago, censured this Play, as being built

on a wrong Foundation ; for, fays he, “ the End of it is to promote Vice.” *Dorimant*, his fine Gentleman, is a Wit, well bred, of excellent Sense, and extremely engaging, but totally devoid of Faith and Honour. *Harriet*, the fine Lady, is perpetually despising her Mother. The Scene of the Orange-Woman and drunken Shoemaker is too grofs, and ought not to have been brought into fuch polite Company. A Lady of good Quality, and a fine young Heirefs, lodging in an Orange-Woman’s House, is, I think, wrong judged ; and *Dorimant* affirming his Intention of marrying *Harriet* was to repair his Fortune, is, in my Opinion, out of Character ; unless that, as a Rake, he thought Shame to own that he was really in Love ; but, surely,

fully, even that is driving the Rake too far for *Dorimant*.

The *Spectator*, after having remarked some Passages in this Comedy, adds,
 “ This whole celebrated Piece is a perfect Contradiction to good Manners,
 “ good Sense, and common Honesty.
 “ Nothing but being lost to a Sense of
 “ Innocence and Virtue can make any
 “ one see it, without observing more
 “ frequent Occasion to move Sorrow
 “ and Indignation, than Mirth and
 “ Laughter.” He had great Reason indeed for what he said. The Sufferance of such immoral Pieces perverts the true Intent of the Stage, which was meant to be a Place of instructive Amusement, not empty Dissipation. That Mr.

Addison considered it in this Light, is evident, from the two Pieces he gave to the Theatre, *Cato*, and the *Drummer*. The Growth of licentious Pieces is principally, if not altogether, to be ascribed to the vitiated Taste of an Audience. The vulgar Expression, “ If “ there were no Receivers, there would “ be no Knaves,” may be here not unaptly alluded to : “ If there were no Encouragers of immoral Pieces, none “ such would be represented.” It cannot be doubted but the Regulator of a Theatre would rather desire to see it a Seat of Decorum, than of Licentiousness, or that an Actor would be better pleased to utter Sentiments of Truth and Virtue, than those of Vice and Immorality.

The

The other Play, *Sir Courtly Nice*, seems to be an Imitation of *The Man of Mode*, though a faint one. Notwithstanding there are some good Things in the former, yet the Characters are not by far so genteel, nor is there so much Wit or good Sense in the Dialogue, as in the latter. *Farewel* is a sort of *Dorimant*, only not vicious. *The Aunt* is a Copy of *Lady Woodvill*, and *Leonora* of *Harriet*. The Contrast between *Hothead* and *Testimony* is diverting, but I cannot think they are naturally brought in. *Sir Courtly Nice* is well drawn, but not so delightful a Fop as *Sir Fopling*; nor do I think his Foppery favours so much of the "Gentleman." I do not know what to make of *Lord Belguard*. I think him in the main a silly Fellow, though perhaps

with some Smattering of good Sense and Breeding. *Hothead's* Behaviour to him is quite *outrée*, *Crack's* Character appears overdone, and the unravelling of the Plot not entirely natural. *Surly* altogether is too gross, though some Part of what he he says is entertaining enough. There are certainly many worse Plays. The Purpose and Tendency of this Piece being rather good than otherwise, gives it, in my Opinion, one material Ascendancy over *The Man of Mode*.

Perhaps what I have said may engage you to read them over again, and then I shall be glad to have your Opinion of them.

I am, my dear,
your sincere Friend,

J. P.
L E T.

LETTER LXI.

Oxon. March 18, 1742 3.

My dear Angel,

I Received a Letter from you just as I had finished my last, and since that I have received yours of the 8th instant.

I am exceedingly pleased with your Observations on the *Odysssey*; I only regret that you have not made more, and have gone so quickly through it. In a late Letter I reminded you of some Books which I had mentioned formerly, such as the Bible and Apochrypha, *Rocheaucault*, &c. where you might find very good Subjects for our Conversation.

I have

I have begun to read the *Odyſſey*, but ſhall only, at this Time, take notice of the Obſervation you make on the Answer *Telemachus* gives to *Mentes* about the Doubtfulneſs of his Legitimacy. *Pope* ſays, “ Whatever Truth there may be
 “ in the Reply, there is very little De-
 “ cency in it.” I muſt own myſelf of a different Opinion; I think *Telemachus* rather means a Compliment, than a Reflection on his Mother. The Meaning of the Author, in my Conception, amounts to this. *The Certainty of our Legitimacy depends on the Word and Honesty of our Mothers.* *Penelope* avows me to be her Son by *Ulyſſes*; and conſidering the virtuous Character of my Mother, there is no Doubt to be made of my being ſo; her Avowal of it amounts to abſolute Proof.

Pre-

Prefixed to the *Odyſſey* is an Abstract from *Bosſu* on Epic Poetry, which, if I had read it before I wrote my Letters on the *Iliad*, would have ſaved me a great deal of what I wrote, as it will many Things which otherwiſe I might write on the *Odyſſey*. It is a moſt excellent Piece, and I would have you read it over and over again.

I remember, when I was very young, the fourteenth Book of the *Odyſſey* pleaſed me peculiarly, and I then minuted down my Obſervations upon it. If I recollect right, it is the Converſation between *Ulyſſes* or *Telemachus*, and *Eumæus*. I have not the Volume at Hand juſt now.

I am

I am mightily pleased with your last Letter; it is written clean and carefully; the Style is good, and the Observations just and judicious. I hope to have more such from you soon. In every Letter I write, I shall transmit my Remarks on two Books. You have prevented me in many.

Tell me particularly how your Mama does; and believe me to be,

my dear Nancy,

yours unalterably,

J. P.

L E T.

LETTER LXII.

Oxon. March 19, 1742-3.

IN the first Book of the *Odyſſey*, we find the Misfortunes that beſel the Companions of *Ulyſſes* ſprung from the very Cauſe, whence thoſe in the *Iliad* aroſe, namely, an Offence to the Gods: they had committed an Affront to *Apollo*.

*Their impious Folly dar'd to prey
On Herds devoted to the God of Day. B. i. V. 9.*

The next Point wherein they reſemble each other is in the Aſſiſtance of Heaven, in all Difficulties, being granted to the virtuous, obtained by Prayer, and returned by Sacrifice and Thankſgiving.

The

The next is in the Vengeance of Heaven on wicked Men. I must again recommend to you to read the Abstract from *Bossu*, prefixed to the *Odysssey*. You will observe that Hospitality is represented in a most beautiful Light in both Works.

I think all that Mr. *Pope* and the other Commentators have said in the Note on Verse 240. does not satisfactorily account for this Voyage of *Ulysses*; and we find the Suitors afterwards drawing the Occasion of a Jeer from that very Passage;

*Or comes from Ephyre with Poisons fraught,
And kills us all in one tremendous Draught?*

B. ii. Ver. 270.

To

To remark some particular Passages,
I go back to the first Book. The Advice given by *Mentes* to *Telemachus*, Verse 327, deserves your closest Attention. The prudent Caution at Verse 374,

If yet Ulysses views the Light, &c.
is very remarkable.

Book ii. Line 27.

*To climb with haughty Fires
The royal Bed, &c.*

has been much criticized, and not without Reason. There is something rather too free in the Expression.

What a natural and affecting Picture is given of the old Nurse, Verse 406.

*She filled the Walls with Cries,
And Tears ran trickling from her aged Eyes.*

The

The Description of *Telemachus's* Embarkment and setting sail, gives a beautiful Close to this Book. It is as excellent in Mr. *Pope's* Translation, as it is natural in the Original.

J. P.

LETTER LXIII.

Oxon. March 20, 1742-3.

My Dear,

I Have read over the third and fourth Books of the *Odyssey*.

The Advice which *Mentor*, or rather *Pallas* in his Shape, gives to *Telemachus*, at the Opening of the third Book, is most admirably prudent and just.

Verse

Verse 62 and 63, are very poetical and instructive, to all Degrees of Life.

Verse 282. Notwithstanding what Mr. *Pope* says here about the Force of Destiny, I think no other Defence can be made for *Telemachus*, than his Youth, and that Impatience which naturally arises from a long Endurance of Afflictions. The Answer of *Pallas*, which is most admirable, certainly points it out.

Verse 333. What a charming Instance have we here of the Power of good Advice, when delivered in a pleasing amiable Way! Poetry and Music, united with divine or moral Precepts, conspire to keep the Mind from giving way to Temptation.

Verse

Verse 429. Besides that this is a very judicious Observation in the Poet, for the Reasons which Mr. *Pope* assigns in his Note, it includes an excellent moral Precept to Mankind.

Verse 496 to 515. What an admirable Picture is given us of *Nestor* and his Family!

Book iv. Verse 437. I cannot but think it somewhat indecent in *Telemachus* to stile his Father *the Man*; but perhaps this is the Fault of the Translator. I have not the Original by me at present to determine it.

The Stanza at Line 475, is an Instance of what I have often remarked
to

to be one great Point through the whole Work ; and at Verse 635, we see it again.

Book v. I agree with you that nothing can be more beautiful than the Grotto of *Calypso*, and the Environs ; but Verse 177, I think, is a little obscure ; the frequent Repetition of the Word *HE*, without a Distinction, seems to make it so. It runs,

Go then he may ; he must, if HE ordain ;
would it not have been better thus,

Go then he may ; he must, if JOVE ordain ;

Perhaps you will say I am cavilling at Words, but I *feel* the Objection strongly. I think too that calling *Ulysses the Man*, Verse 186, is not so well ;
would

would not *the Prince*, or *the Chief*, have done better?

Ver. 294. Ulysses rob'd him in the Cloak and Vest,

appears to me not particular enough. There is something too inconsequential for the Hero.

Verse. 311. Notwithstanding all that Mr. *Pope* has said in Defence of *Ulysses* being able to compleat his Boat in four Days Time, from the Description of it, I think it is hardly probable.

The Critics have been very severe on these Words, "the well-fought Wall,"
Verse 395.

You

You see, my Observations on this Book are rather employed in finding Faults, than discovering Excellencies; and I really think Mr. *Pope* has made more Escapes herein, than in any I have read yet.

The Note upon Verse 454. is very fine, and merits particular Notice.

Book VI. is charming throughout. It gives us a delightful Picture of the Good-nature, Hospitality, paternal Affection, and Simplicity of the Manners of the Antients. Verse 247 and 248, perfectly agree with the holy Psalmist, where He says, "Whoso giveth to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord." Pray return to Verse 100. and read the Note

on that Line, and the subsequent Note, and consider them carefully. The Manner of *washing* observed in the Former, is usual, at this Day, in many Places of Scotland, especially when they wash what they call great Linen, as Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c.

I thought, my Dear, I should have been able to get through a Book or Two more; for I find what is in the Notes, and what you have observed will cut my Work very short; but your Letter is just come to Hand, which I have read with vast Pleasure; only I think you go too fast through *Roche-fault*. I hope to have another from you soon on that Subject.

Je

Je vous enverray Vendredi, par la Carosse de Monsieur *Bew*, une petite Boite avec les deux Comedies. Vous ferez une petite Rejouissance la Jour de votre Naissance, & Je ferai le Meme, Je vous assure. Mes Complimens où ils font dû.

Je suis, ma tres chere, petite Ange,

Le Votre,

J. P.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.

GENUINE LETTERS.

Je vous envoie, Monsieur, par la
Caisse de Monsieur de la Roche,
l'ouvrage que vous m'avez demandé.
Je vous prie de le recevoir
avec les complimens de la
part de l'auteur.

Je suis, Monsieur, votre
très humble serviteur,
J. B.

End of the First Volume.



Hull, Thomas, 1728-1808 / Ludwig, Johann Lorenz / Hebenstreit, Ernst
Benjamin Gottlieb

Genuine Letters From A Gentleman To A Young Lady His Pupil Calculated To
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